

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

FEBRUARY 8, 1960

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS



**ARE DOG SHOWS
RUINING DOGS?**

CHAMPION BEDLINGTON



Wifely kudos to Ernie Klack from Irma — Carter's new knitted boxer shorts

Profound poetess, Irma Klack is not. Yet she's displayed infinite wisdom in her choice of gift. Carter's knitted boxer shorts! Item: the dashing smartness of Carter's cotton knits to flatter Ernie's appearance. Item: their superb softness

that will pamper him outrageously. Item: their unyielding refusal to require ironing (there's a dividend in this for Irma, too). Carter's knitted boxers — what a splendid way for a wife to translate tenderness tangibly!

Ernie Klack is any guy who wears Carter's knitted boxer shorts and considers it uncivilized (and uncomfortable) to wear any other kind.

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Meet **ANGLIA**. Life is so much more sporting when dashing ANGLIA from London goes along. Perfect aplomb in every situation. A wee bit *overconfident*, perhaps? No, ANGLIA is agile as a cat, with its nimble OHV engine and new sports-type transmission. Saucy in appearance; note the droll Z-line rear window. Beautifully put together. And regard as well: wide doors, elbow room for four inside, full dashboard instruments, massive glass area, whacking great (10 cu. ft.) trunk. ANGLIA is your faithful friend: gets up to 40 m.p.g. Everywhere ANGLIA takes you, you save up to 9¢ per mile. Going on a skiing trip this week end? ANGLIA savings will stake you to the chair lift. Practical price—about \$1600*.

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An Appreciation of Old Crow On Its 125th Anniversary

By ROBERT RUARK

*Newspaper columnist and author of "Poor No More,"
"Something of Value," and "The Old Man and the Boy"*

I AM a writer and not a professional whiskey expert, but as one familiar with the American scene, the name of Old Crow is one I've known for quite a piece of my life.

I have read that it was Old Crow that raised the quality of bourbon from a native, primitive level in Kentucky to its present high standards. When it first appeared in 1835, the experts of the day said Old Crow was the finest quality bourbon anyone had ever tasted. It was the first time that scientific methods had been used in the making of bourbon. In a way, it marked the temper of the times. It was another example of the young giant, America, coming out of its swaddling clothes.

It is rare for history to record the personal whiskey preferences of great men, but there are news

paper articles, books, letters, printed reports of speeches, etc., with particular references to Old Crow. For example: Henry Clay, the brilliant statesman and senator, is reported as riding far out of his way to meet James Crow and personally order Old Crow by the barrel for his Washington home. Daniel Webster, one of the great intellects of our country, pro-

nounced Old Crow "the finest in the world." Andrew Jackson, William Henry Harrison,

John C. Breckenridge, General John Hunt Morgan, Kentucky's Governor Letcher, were other leaders who publicly praised this great Kentucky product.

Records show that Mark Twain personally ordered it for his favorite tavern in Elmira, New York. Jack London said Old Crow was "best"; O. Henry called it "superb." There are also records indicating Old Crow was such a prized brand that over the years it had to defend itself against over 1,800 imitators and forgeries.

Today, I am told, it is still the most preferred bourbon in our land. Today it is known as the historic bourbon. Today I toast the perfect bourbon, good old Old Crow.



Great Champion Retrievers ▶

This dog represents one of the few breeds that have won at Westminster—and survived. For the unhappy story of cooners, poodles, fox terriers and boxers, see page 62.

Photography: John G. Zimmerman

Next week



▶ The Russians pour into California this month—along with hundreds of Austrians, Canadians, Japanese, French and Liechtensteinians, among others—to compete in the 1960 Winter Olympic Games at Squaw Valley. For readers who will see the Games in person or follow them on TV and radio, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* presents a special Preview that explains the complexities of the snow and ice events and singles out the skiers and skaters most likely to succeed. Plus a color gallery of these remarkably handsome athletes, male and female.

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"Soundings"



By Paul Larson,
President of Larson Boat Works, Inc.

Today I'd like to take up some of the questions people often ask me about my lapline hull design. The one I hear most often is, "Wouldn't it be simpler and just as good if you had a smooth hull?" Well, it would certainly be simpler. But it definitely would not be as good. In 44 years of boat building, we know from experience the characteristics of every type of hull and material.

First off, with a lapline hull, you don't need a keel. Your prop bites solid water—you get more honest work out of your outboard motor. Also, Larson runabouts are easier to trailer.

But the main advantage of the lapline design is that as the boat moves along, water is "caught" by each lap, rolled back toward the



stern and mixed with air. The bubbles which are formed can actually be seen spouting out from underneath the stern. These bubbles don't much like hull bearings. They give you a smoother ride.

They also give you more lift. Water and bubbled spray, lifting the laps gives upward thrust. The boat goes up and rides on a smaller wetted surface. The more it rises, the more speed you get. And because Larson boats plane flat and high, spray is held down and you stay dry.



In coming, each lap acts like a tiny keel. The boat banks up nicely, comes around crisply, while you sit solid in your seat. The "soft chine" contour of the Larson hull won't trip in a turn. Larson boats are very stable.

In addition, laplines add strength. Larson fiberglass hulls, with sealed double bottom and flat floors, are extremely sturdy to begin with; the laplines add another margin of safety.

The next question people are likely to ask is, "If laplines are so important, then why don't you continue them all the way up the side?" The answer is that laplines aren't necessary or even an advantage above the waterline. Moulding more than ten laps into our hull would simply increase the cost of the boat with no benefit to the buyer. Also, we think the boat is prettier with a smooth hull above the waterline.

All of which will give you some idea, I hope, of the amount of time and thought we have put into our lapline design for your pleasure, comfort, safety, and convenience. I would like to invite you to test our boat's performance yourself. Before you decide on a new boat line, take a demonstration ride and . . .

Notice the difference in

Larson Boat Works in Little Falls, Minn., Nashville, Ga., Ontario, Calif., Cope, Wyo., Alliance, Ohio and Cornwall, Ontario, Canada.

MEMO from the publisher

THE PLACE is Squaw Valley, California. The time, February 18 through 28. And the occasion, as the world knows, the VIII Olympic Winter Games. Next week **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** will devote more than 20 pages (eight in color) to its Preview of the Games. In preparation for more than a year, the Preview will evaluate U.S. prospects and present the outstanding competitors on whom the various nations are pinning their hopes. The Preview will, as well, analyze the challenges of the many categories of competition: speed and figure skating, ice hockey, Alpine skiing, Nordic skiing and biathlon, this year making its debut as an Olympic event. Specially commissioned diagrams and action drawings explain the techniques and subtleties the sports involve.

Back last week from his latest visit to Squaw Valley, Associate Editor Ezra Bowen joined with the rest of the **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** Olympic staff to bring the Preview into final form. Reporting on the Olympic site, whose development **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has followed in detail since our July 11, 1955 issue, he said: "No resort in America has a greater variety of winter sports opportunities, of terrain and, on any given day, of snow conditions."

Even more remarkable than the development of Squaw Valley is the growth in this country of winter sports in general—a growth signaled by the decision to award the U.S. the

Winter Games for the second time. The first time, of course, was at Lake Placid in 1932. Between then and now, and in part because of the stimulus those Games gave, the U.S. has



THE PLACE

become as ardent a winter sports country as any in the world and as rich in terms of participants, resorts, towns and other facilities.

Where we now stand competitively as practitioners of winter sports only the oncoming Games will reveal for sure. But the Preview, a key chapter in the story of the VIII Olympic Winter Games, should give grounds for a good guess.

Arthur Murphy

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Jimmy Jemal's HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *Do you take your wife racing? (Asked of leading sailboat racers)*



BRIGGS CUNNINGHAM
Greens Farms, Conn.
Skipper of Columbia
1959 America's Cup
© LEESEY

Like all women, she does what she likes. So whether I take her along depends on what the race is and whether or not she is interested in going. She's a top racer, and I'm frank in admitting that she and her sister taught me to sail. We've raced together on Six-meter boats and occasionally won.



GEORGE O'DAY
Boston
1957 North American
champion

No, I used to take her along until we got married. Then one day I ruined her permanent wave during a race. That was it. Racing is too intense for her, the way I do it. She thinks I would just as soon leave her overboard in a racing emergency. I always had a girl crew because the girls will put up with anything before marriage.

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HOTBOX continued



DR. HERB DAY
Seattle
1957 Swiftsure Ocean
Race winner

Yes, once in a while, but not in the important races for K-38s, because the crews are all men, with five to a crew. Although my wife is a good enough sailor, one of the best, these rugged, overnight ocean races are really stag parties and no place for women. However, my wife and I have sailed other races together.



JIM MERTZ
Rye, N. Y.
1958 Long Island \$10
class champion

Always. She's tops. When we race the 210, she's at the helm off the wind. I start and sail to windward. Actually, she thinks she's better than I, and she doesn't hesitate to tell me off by exclaiming "Nerts, Merts." There are many who agree with her. She won the Women's National in 1959, 1964 and 1968.



HARRY MELOS JR.
Lake Geneva, Wis.
1958 North American
champion

The sevens have a crew of four, including the skipper. I take my wife most of the time because she's a real asset. She can do anything as fast as or faster than any member of the crew. Actually, my wife is the brains of the outfit, and she calls the shots, knowing the exact moment when to tack or to come about.



TED HOOD
Marblehead, Mass.
1958 North American
champion

Yes. Let me say right off that she never sailed before we met, so she isn't too good. But she has a lot of grit, and sticks to it. I race a 40-footer with a crew of six. My wife was a member of the crew in every race I entered last year, and we didn't do badly. I've also raced a Star with her as the crew, and we've won.

CONTINUED



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HOTBOX continued



LOWELL NORTH
San Diego
1959 Star class world
champion

Yes, because she enjoys racing and it keeps it in the family. Anyhow, we like to do things together. During competition in the Star class, it's necessary to get a top crew. Naturally, my wife isn't strong enough to qualify. However, in local racing, where a championship isn't at stake, she does very well.



BILL COX
Darien, Conn.
1957 Lightning class
world champion

In the old days in keel boats, such as the International One-Designs, I always took her along because she was such a good crew. In recent years in centerboard boats, where hiking out is so tiring, she sort of became more interested in tennis. This coming summer we'll be together again racing a catamaran.



**HENRY B. (HANK)
du PONT**
Wilmington, Del.
1959 Off-Soundings
series winner

Yes, because I always like to have her on board. When I don't take her along, it's usually because an ocean race is involved. Although my wife is a good sailor, she much prefers cruising. She does like to race with me though in day events in Long Island Sound and nearby waters.



ASHLEY BOWN
San Diego
1959 Esmeralda ocean
race winner

I sure do. My wife takes care of the food situation, handles the ice cubes and checks the bilges. She also does for me what Mrs. Vanderbilt used to do for Harold—time my starts. I'm sure she was our good luck charm in the 1959 Esmeralda, the race from Newport, Calif. to Ensenada, Mexico.



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There are some really remarkable results hidden under modest-sounding specification changes in the 1960 Corvette. For example . . . **Suspension:** A stabilizer bar has been added at the rear . . . and rear spring rebound travel has been increased one inch. Result: every Corvette now has a more supple "boulevard" ride . . . but every Corvette will corner flatter, stick better and definitely outhandle any Corvette offered before, even those with the 1959 heavy-duty suspension option. **Engines:** All Corvette V8's now have a drain path to prevent oil from accumulating at the base of the valve springs and eventually working into the cylinders.

Cooling's better, too, with the fan closer to the radiator for more effective air flow at all engine speeds. All '60 manual-shift models have a weight-saving aluminum bell housing—and the top Fuel Injection* and dual-four-barrel carburetor versions shed additional pounds with new all-aluminum cross-flow radiators. **Brakes:** Advances in the optional sintered-metallic brakes enable them to cope with the most severe heavy-duty service while giving a perfectly docile brake for street use. **Summary:** The 1960 achievement in suspension puts Corvette in a class occupied by virtually no other sports car, combining the softness of "touring" springs with the absolute

stability of full competition suspension. The range of five engines, from the 230-h.p. standard V8 to the 290-h.p. edition, the three transmissions, from standard 3-speed to extra-cost Powerglide or 4-speed manual shift, give drivers an opportunity to suit their desires perfectly. In all, Corvette today stands as the supreme road car, America's outstanding triumph in the international field of sports car design. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

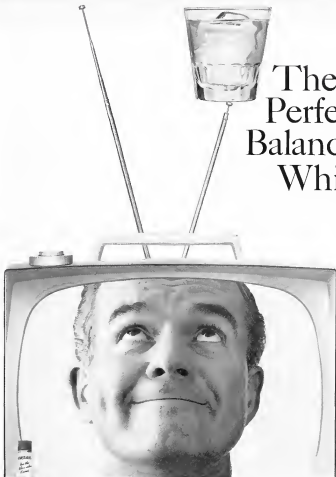
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A roundup of the sports information of the week

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE SOUTH

"The worst team I ever had," grumbled Kentucky's proud Adolph Rupp. And The Baron had good reason for his disgust. He had just watched Georgia Tech tame his Wildcats 65-44. The eager Yellow Jackets, seeking their first Southeastern Conference title since 1938, forced Kentucky into its poorest shooting performance of the season (16.3%) with a harrying half-court press, received an added bonus when little Bobby Dews held the Wildcats' Bennie Coffman to one point. Sophomore Roger Kaiser produced 24 points, and Dave Denton, who had been nabbed for ticket scalping before the game the later was fined \$1 by a sympathetic judge, got 18 and dangled the confused Wildcats with his dribbling.

Kentucky bounced back to whip Georgia 84-60 and Florida 75-62, but the Wildcats will need plenty of help from other teams if they are to catch Georgia Tech, which added to its conference lead by beating Alabama 69-43. Auburn edged Vanderbilt 55-54, was still hopeful.

After 56 straight conference victories, West Virginia finally lost to a Southern Conference rival and tumbled into second place behind Virginia Tech. Inspired William A. May couldn't stop magnificent Jerry West, who scored 42 points before fouling out with five minutes to go, but matched him with bulky, 6-foot-7-inch Jeff Cohen, who got 34 points and picked off 20 rebounds, upset the Mountaineers 84-86 at Norfolk. The Indians solved West Virginia's zone press, fed Cohen and Bev Vaughan, who did the rest.

North Carolina State ditched its slow-down game, returned to the fast break to beat Clemson 90-69. Duke climbed over South Carolina 79-65 and into second place in the Atlantic Coast. Meanwhile, league leader North Carolina was delighted by the news that Doug Moe, last year's sophomore star, was eligible again. The top three:

1. GEORGIA TECH (16-2)
2. WEST VIRGINIA (16-2)
3. NORTH CAROLINA (9-3)

THE MIDWEST

Ohio State continues to dominate the Big Ten. Michigan State tried all the defensive tricks it knew against the bustling Buckeyes, was disappointed at every turn, went down gasping 111-79. Jerry Lucas led the assault with 25 points, had help from fellow sophomores John Havlicek (20 points) and Mel Nowell (15

points), prompting Michigan State's Ferdie Anderson to marvel: "There's too many of them."

What life was left in the Big Ten was concentrated in Minnesota. Getting the hang of former Minneapolis Laker Coach Johnny Kundla's pro-style offense, the Gophers took only 47 shots, made 34 for a new conference record of 72%, walloped Iowa 87-72 to move into second place. Hottest Gopher was Ray Cronk, 6-foot 6-inch skin-and-bones sophomore, who scored 21 points. Even Kundla was surprised: "I'm stunned by the way we shot. We don't take many shots, just play for the good ones. And we don't play fuddy-duddy basketball, either." At week's end, Minnesota was still taking the good shots, beat Wisconsin 56-72.



HELPFUL ELBOW by Villanova's Rave-Ring (41) gives Teammate Kaminski clear field for ball in 75-66 win over Cincinnati.

Dayton and Toledo played host to two of the South's better teams, sent Virginia Tech and Wake Forest back home wondering why they bothered to make the trip. Dayton, pushing for an NIT bid behind the scoring of Garry Ruggenburk and Stan Greenberg, ended Tech's eight-game winning streak 77-59, outthunked Wake Forest 62-45. Toledo found its guests more troublesome, was forced into overtime to beat Virginia Tech 48-46, then outscored Wake Forest 70-63.

The Citadel tried its best to contain Cincinnati's Oscar Robertson with a slow-down, but Oscar got his hands on the ball often enough to score 29 points, helped the Bearcats win 64-43. Bradley had a

time with Marquette, went into a late stall to win 62-59 in overtime; traveling St. John's, beginning to look like the good team it could be, defeated Marquette 69-63. Loyola of Chicago 74-59; Big Eight leader Kansas State turned back Baylor 77-63, while Oklahoma State cut down Oklahoma 59-48. The top three:

1. BRADLEY (16-1)
2. CINCINNATI (16-0)
3. OHIO STATE (10-2)

THE EAST

Villanova, enjoying its lofty rating (No. 1 in the East, No. 8 in the nation), tied up Army with a tight score in the second half, beat the Cadets 66-53. But the Wildcats needed a lift from ball-hawking Jimmy Huggard to overcome Canisius 75-66.

St. Bonaventure's Tom Stith, hot on the heels of Cincinnati's Robertson in individual scoring, filled the baskets with 46 points to help the Bonnies beat Marshall 83-80. St. Joseph's found Temple full of fight, needed all of Bob McNell's back-court skill to pull ahead of the Owls 59-54; less fortunate LaSalle was upset by Western Kentucky 76-70; Pitt extended West Virginia, but bowed 76-66. The top three:

1. VILLANOVA (16-0)
2. NYU (8-3)
3. PROVIDENCE (10-2)

THE WEST

California showed it hadn't lost its touch during the two-week exam layoff, returned to beat Oregon 70-45, Oregon State 67-48. However, UCLA, runner-up to Cal in the Big Five, ran into serious trouble in Colorado. First, the Bruins were upset by Denver 71-68, then found themselves involved in a fist-throwing brawl before they squeaked past Air Force 76-75.

Confident Utah State toyed with Brigham Young, routed the Cougars 84-53 to hold the Skyline lead, while Utah took a brief respite from conference play, outran Loyola of Los Angeles 88-81. Idaho State, Rocky Mountain leader, polished off Regis 71-56 for its 10th straight. The top three:

1. CALIFORNIA (16-0)
2. UTAH STATE (16-1)
3. UTAH (10-2)

THE SOUTHWEST

Texas A&M and SMU, the chief protagonists in the Southwest Conference, were inactive last week, but Texas Tech beat TCU 75-66 in overtime. West Texas State defeated Arizona State 87-84 for its second Border victory, moved within striking distance of first-place New Mexico State. The top three:

1. TEXAS A&M (10-2)
2. SMU (10-4)
3. NEW MEXICO STATE (10-3)

continued



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ROUNDUP OF THE PROS

As the NBA headed into the final third of the season, Boston and St. Louis stood comfortably at the head of their respective divisions, and it was becoming increasingly apparent that they would stay there. The Celtics have 4½ games in front of Philadelphia in the East, while the Hawks led Detroit by 9½ games in the West.

The casualty rate among coaches has been unusually high this year as owners of trailing teams sought to overhaul the leaders. Carl Braun replaced Fuzzy Levane in New York. Dick McGuire took over for Red Rocha in Detroit and Jim Pollard succeeded Johnny Castellani in Minneapolis. But no coach or player has made a greater impact on pro basketball than Philadelphia's rookie Wilt Chamberlain, who has already set league and team records.

With the playoffs less than six weeks off, here is a rundown of the teams:

Boston: The measure of any team is its ability to adjust to adversity, and the Celtics, since losing rugged rebounder Jim Loscutoff in midseason, have met the test admirably. Tom Heinsohn has supplied the defensive strength to go with Bill Russell's superb rebounding and Bob Cousy's still-magical playmaking. However, the real reason for Boston's success is its bench. Reserves K. C. Jones and Sam Jones could make most other varieties.

Philadelphia: Chamberlain's scoring (38.2 per game) and rebounding (28.8

fancy backcourt man from Tennessee A&I, is one of the league's prize rookies. Syracuse might not rise above third in the Eastern division, but it may be the third-best team in basketball.

New York: Despite the Knicks' frantic attempts to trade, they still have not come up with a good, big man. An improved Charlie Tyra, veterans Richie Guerin and Willie Naulls and Newcomers Jim Palmer, Whitey Bell and Dick Garman have helped to make the Knicks more respectable. Even so, New York seems likely to finish in the cellar.

St. Louis: Although the Hawks are the best of a mediocre Western Division, they need some shoring up at the backcourt. Slater Martin has showed up, and Si Green isn't helping as much as expected. Bob Pettit, who has tailed off a bit since last year but is still one of the best players in the league, Cliff Hagan and Clyde Lovellette give St. Louis a strong front court. However, Lovellette on defense is equivalent to almost no defense at all.

Detroit: Early-season injuries, inconsistency and a rundown backcourt have cost Detroit dearly. Guard Gene Shue needs the kind of help Flying Coach Dick McGuire, at 34, can no longer give him. However, the Pistons have perked up under McGuire. Walter Dukes is having his best year as a pro and big rookie Bailey Howell, strong below the basket, has been a pleasant surprise.

Minneapolis: Coach Jim Pollard appears



PRIZE ROOKIES: LA RUSSO (30), HAWKINS (20), HOWELL (18), CHAMBERLAIN (13)

per game) have lifted the Warriors to second place in the East this year and opposing coaches can do little more than marvel at his vast abilities. Wilt has had help in the backcourt from an improved Tom Gola and, when he isn't ailing, from next ball handler Guy Rodgers. Up front are Paul Aries and agile Andy Johnson. But lack of depth prevents the Warriors from making a real run at Boston.

Syracuse: Man for man, the Nats are no match for Boston and Philadelphia. However, seasoned veterans Dolph Schayes and George Yardley give them a strong scoring punch, and Dick Barnett, the

to have earned the respect of his players—something predecessor Johnny Castellani never could do—but third-place Minneapolis isn't going much of anywhere. The Lakers have two fine rookies in Rudy LaRusso, a strong rebounder and scorer, and Tom Hawkins, the slick ex-Notre Dame, but Elgin Baylor hasn't been quite so effective as last year, and this has hurt the team.

Omnian: About the best that can be said for the Royals is that they are young, hopeful and waiting for Oscar Robertson. Meanwhile, Jack Twyman, a solid old pro, has had to carry the load

END



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* Color Television * Television * Network radio

Friday, February 5

BASKETBALL (college)

Stanford at USC

Washington at California

BOATING

Chicago National Boat Show, Chicago (through Feb. 14)

BOXING

* Adonis vs. Ryan, light heavies, 10 rds., Mad.

* St. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)

HOCKEY

* I.S. Olympique team vs. University of Denver,

Denver (also Feb. 6)

SKIING

* Downeast Winter Carnival, Hancock, N.H.,

through Feb. 7 (CBS-TV, Feb. 7)

* North Cup, Aspen, Colo. (through Feb. 6)

* Nord. Combined Champs and Int.

Jumping, Steamboat Springs, Colo. (through Feb. 7)

Saturday, February 6

BASKETBALL (college)

* Kansas State at Colorado (Big Eight Regional,

Sports Network)

* Ohio State at Northwestern (Big Ten Regional,

Sports Network)

* Team Tech at Texas A&M

Texas at Georgia Tech

Utah at Wyoming

Washington at USC

Yale at New York

Minnesota at Detroit

* Syracuse at Philadelphia, 8:35 p.m. (NBC)

BOATING

Bahamas Governor's Cup, Nassau, Bahamas

GOLF

* All-Star Golf series, Burns vs. Loria, 5 p.m., in

each time zone (ABC)

HOCKEY

Boston at Montreal

* Chicago at New York, 2 p.m. (CBS)

Detroit at Toronto

HORSE RACING

* McManen Handicap, \$50,000 added, Hialeah

* Park, Fla. (NBC)

* Santa Margarita Handicap, \$50,000 added,

Santa Anita, Calif.

TEAC & FIELD

Boston A.S. Meet, Boston

Sunday, February 7

BASKETBALL (colleg)

Cornell at Syracuse

Detroit at Minneapolis

New York at Boston

* Philadelphia at St. Louis, 2 p.m. (NBC)

GOLF

* World Championship Golf series, Ragna vs.

Wall, 4:30 p.m. (NBC)

Monday, February 8

BASKETBALL (colleg)

Horizon at Bradley

NYU at West Virginia

North Carolina at Chicago

North Texas State at Cincinnati

Ohio State at Wisconsin

BOX SHOW

Worcestershire Kennel Club, Mad. Sq. Garden,

New York (also Feb. 9)

Tuesday, February 9

BASKETBALL (colleg)

Providence at St. Bonaventure

HOCKEY

* U.S. Olympic team vs. Czechoslovakia Olympic

team, Los Angeles (also Feb. 10)

Wednesday, February 10

BOXING

* Dubland vs. Rodriguez, welters, 10 rds., Miami

Beach, Fla., 10 p.m. (ABC)

RACQUETS

Nat'l Singles, Philadelphia (through Feb. 14)

Thursday, February 11

BASKETBALL (colleg)

* St. John's vs. Marquette, St. John's vs. West

Virginia at Mad. Sq. Garden, New York

* See local listing



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A BLOW AT THE 'BIG GAME'

Promoter Jack Kramer and his touring pros, bothered by declining attendance, have started a reform that could bring back some long-forgotten glories of tennis

JACK KRAMER's tennis pros opened their 1960 tour in San Francisco last week—and simultaneously initiated a reform which that imaginative promoter hopes will revive sadly needed spectator interest in his show. At the Cow Palace, and at the new Los Angeles Memorial Sports Arena the next night, tennis fans for the first time in years were swiveling their heads to right and to left, back and forth eight and 10 times, as they followed rallies that have not been seen since long pants vanished from the courts.

The new rule—a three-bounce rule—which generated all this motion did not originate with Kramer, although he is the first to give it a real test. It provides that after the serve the ball must bounce once more on each side of the court before either player may take the ball on a volley. A service ace is still allowed, and the point may still be won on either of the next two strokes if neither player can make the return after one bounce. What is ruled out is the standard Big Game sequence—hard service, weak return to the server, who has rushed the net, put-away volley.

Originally Kramer, who had been watching with alarm the decline of interest in the often monotonous Big Game, planned to use the three-bounce rule in all of his matches on the professionals' 1960 64-game world tour. But the unpredictable star of the show, Pancho Gonzales, who in a moment of anxiety about the state

of tennis had agreed with Kramer's plans, changed his mind and suggested splitting the bill, with only the preliminary game being played under the experimental rules. The compromise may turn out to be a boon to spectators and players, who can contrast the games and decide for themselves which rules are better. It might also prove the end of the Big Game and the beginning of a new era in tennis in which there are more ground strokes, more of the deep forehands and backhands which were such a delight to watch back in the earlier days of the game.

In the first test of the new rules, conditions were less than ideal. Alex Olmedo, making his U.S. professional debut, had an examination in Business Trends the next morning at 8 o'clock sharp at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles. He was in no mood to play. Tony Trabert, his opponent, was 15 pounds over his best playing weight. The newly painted court was sticky, only 3,960 people turned out in the 14,000-seat Cow Palace, and Trabert complained about the glaring reflections that bounded off the empty seats. (Olmedo won 6-4, 6-2.) Even so, the crowd's reaction to the new rule was favorable. Kramer's statisticians estimated that the ball was in play 30% longer with Olmedo and Trabert than in the main event between Gonzales and Ken Rosewall. Though the rule called for three bounces, the fourth

shot was usually a bouncer before one or the other player could rush the net for a volley. Deep play was consistent, and the spectators were genuinely pleased that for once the pros showed off their ground strokes.

Opinion among players themselves is decidedly mixed. "This new style," said Olmedo, "is strange to me." Althes Gibson, in San Francisco with the Harlem Globetrotters, didn't favor the change at all. "Why penalize the better player?" she asked. "Power and speed are factors in modern sports, so why should anybody arbitrate against them? Why not leave tennis modern?"

But Pancho Segura, who is rumored to have beaten Gonzales using the bounce rule in a practice match at the Los Angeles Tennis Club, said the rule "will help Rosewall and me when we tackle those speed demons." He meant Gonzales and Lew Hoad.

Kramer himself was exuberantly optimistic. "Most important to us is the spectators' attitude. I'm convinced they will demand this game more and more. Power tennis is lousy for the spectators," was his comment.

William F. Talbert, former U.S. Davis Cup captain and tennis editor of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, is another who feels that the heavy emphasis on service and volley is producing only a partial tennis player. "The power hitting of Gonzales and Hoad," Talbert says, "has caused the younger players to neglect their ground strokes, the kind of strokes which helped make giants of men like Bill Tilden, Don Budge and Jack Kramer." The public, of course, will decide. But tennis hasn't had such stimulating news in years.

END



BILL TILDEN

PANCHO GONZALES



JACK KRAMER

LEW HODG



APPLYING THE THREE-BOUNCE RULE TO TENNIS GREATS

Bill Talbert, former Davis Cup captain, here estimates the effect of the new rule on some famous players' games.

MAURICE McLOUGHLIN, who played back before World War I, is considered the father of the net game. Not strong in the ground game but a tiger at the net, he would have had trouble with the three-bounce rule.

BILL TILDEN, even with his "cannon-ball" service, would have loved the new rule. He was a master stroker from backcourt and was reluctant to move forward. He was able to impart tricky spins and angles and drive his foe to distraction with his changes of pace and steadiness. Before his death, he saw the coming of the Big Game and decreed it, predicting the decay of all-round tennis talent.

ELLSWORTH VINES, brilliant but unpredictable, would have suffered from the three-bounce rule because of his erratic backcourt shot.

DON BUDGE was the master of all shots—the serve, volley, forehand, backhand. The new rule wouldn't have bothered him at all. Like Tilden, he was so sure of himself and so deadly from any position on the court that he never found it necessary to rush recklessly to the net.

JACK KRAMER was a player like Budge, yet it was he who did more than anyone else to popularize the Big Game that he now seeks to modify. If he had played under the three-bounce rule he would have been a consistent winner.

BOBBY RIGGS, BITSY GRANT, FRANK PARKER all would have benefited by the curtailment of the volley. Riggs was a marvelous ground-stroke player and Grant and Parker were relentless retrievers and deadly backcourt men.

PANCHO GONZALES, like many another good modern player, is strictly a serve and volley man, although his ground strokes have improved during his pro career. The new rule will take some of the zing from his game.

LEW HODG has an excellent big serve. With his fine ground strokes, he should be bothered less than Gonzales.

INVASION FROM THE WEST

It used to be that California racing supplied Kentucky with nothing but long shots or Derby failures; now it has the favorites

by WHITNEY TOWER

THE KENTUCKY DERBY is still a dozen Saturdays away, but it was insinuating itself into the thoughts of many racing fans last week when one of the first big 3-year-old races of the season—the San Vicente Handicap—was run off in California. These mid-winter weeks are a time of speculative, probing glances, the more expert of which will land on the four or five hottest possibilities for Churchill Downs. And the early-season news of 1960 is that these glances are not being directed South to Florida, where the cream of eastern Thoroughbreds is in training at Hialeah. They are turned instead across the continent to Santa Anita, where an unprecedented challenge to eastern and southern racing and breeding supremacy is being mounted.

The time has long passed, of course, when no one expected anything but ranch horses to come out of California; Hill Gail, Determine and the mighty Swaps won three Kentucky Derbies for California between 1952 and 1955.

But these were lone raiders from the West—or so they seemed; few suspected they might be only the advance guard of a gathering army of California Thoroughbred horseflesh which could shift the balance of racing power to the Coast.

Last year Tomy Lee won for California, and three others from the state finished in the first six. This shock had hardly been absorbed in Kentucky when it was perceived that this year California has at least a dozen valid Derby hopefuls, including the colts ranked first and third nationally—Warfare and Tompion.

A TASTE FOR SPRINTS

All of the nine starters in the seven-furlong San Vicente Handicap were among the top-rated colts of their generation. The race, as a matter of fact, was won by one of the lesser-known entries—John William, who stayed close to the leader, New Policy, around the turn and into the stretch and drove past him in the last

furlong to win decisively against a good field. C. V. Whitney's Tompion, the favorite, started sluggishly, moved up a little and then finished a disappointing sixth, though only $3\frac{1}{4}$ lengths back of the winner.

The race proved two things. First, that John William loves sprints and is one of the most improved colts on the grounds. Second, that Tompion can no longer be considered the major Derby threat he looked to be as a 2-year-old. He hasn't reached the winner's circle since he took the Hopeful at Saratoga last August, and he's just as stubborn as ever about running only when he feels like it. In the San Vicente it looked as though the more Jockey Eddie Arcaro tried to whip him into doing his work the more obstinate Tompion became. Maybe the answer is to give him to a sit-still rider, like Shoemaker.

John William, who belongs to the Merriek Stable of Nat Schulman and Irving Resnoff, is a bay son of Johns Joy out of a Polynesian mare, Johns



JOHN WILLIAM (LEFT FOREGROUND) OUTSPRINTS CLOSELY



BUNCHED FIELD IN SAN VICENTE HANDICAP AT SANTA ANITA. FAVORED TORPIDON (LEFT REAR, PARTLY HIDDEN) WAS A DULL SIXTH

Joy is not renowned as a sire of stayers, and although John William won with authority in fast time (1:22) he's going to surprise a lot of people if he can repeat this sort of front-running effort when he's asked to take on an additional half-mile. The second horse in the race, Ralph Lowe's New Policy, a Khaled colt, had a head lead most of the way on John William, but the pace got him in the last sixteenth and he lost by half a length. Of the other San Vicente starters, Noble Noor ran an even, impressive race, even though he finished fourth and was beaten a length and a half by T. V. Lark. It's easy to be wrong about colts this early in the season, but T. V. Lark is probably a sprinter.

THE BIG NEWS IN WARFARE

Of course, of all the horses at Santa Anita, the one most in the limelight, without having done much of anything yet in 1960, is Warfare, the 2-year-old champion of 1959.

Warfare did not run in the San Vicente, but he was the center of attraction last week for another reason: a rumor suddenly went around that his owner, Clifton S. Jones, a Buena Park, Calif., real-estate developer, who had bought the colt from his father for \$12,000, was about to sell him. There definitely was cause for speculation. For a week Ivan Parke, who trains the Pin Oak Farm horses for Houston Oilman James S. Abercrombie and his daughter, Josephine Abercrombie Robinson (SI, Nov. 1, 1954), had been watching Warfare closely. He apparently liked what he saw, for he buzzed Abercrombie, his daughter and her husband, Burnett Robinson, in their private plane. Into town also came Clifton Jones. The price Jones was asking for the colt was originally said to be \$1 million—which Abercrombie was far from willing to meet. The deal collapsed.

After that Jones decided that the horse was not for sale. Before he was whipped off to the seashore to super-

vise a \$200,000 yacht-conversion job on his recently purchased Navy-surplus minesweeper, Jones said, "The rumors about a sale also started rumors about Warfare's physical condition. I can only say that he is perfectly all right and always has been. The only thing I want to do is win the Kentucky Derby with him."

As a prelude to that trip across the Rockies, Warfare will have three starts at Santa Anita: the \$50,000 California Breeders Champion Stakes on February 12, the San Felipe Handicap on February 20 and the Santa Anita Derby on March 5. The first two are at a mile and a sixteenth, the Derby at a mile and a furlong.

And why wasn't the champion in the seven-furlong San Vicente? "No point in sending him against a top sprint field when he is going to prefer going the extra distance," said Trainer Hack Rosa. It was no secret, however, that Rosa had found fault with the hard Santa Anita track and did not

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CHAMPION BOBSLEDDERS MONTI AND ALVERA PUSH OFF. GOOD START IS HALF THE RACE

ON CORTINA'S ICY WALL A THRILL FOR ITALY

TWO'S COMPANY and four's a crowd when Italian bobsledders get together for a go at a world championship. At least that's the way it seemed on the icy run at Italy's Cortina d'Ampezzo when Eugenio Monti and his brakeman, Renzo Alverà, streaked over Cortina's icy run to a fourth straight world's championship in their sleek fire-engine-red *Italia II*.

The Italians have never yet won a four-man world bobsledding championship, though they'll be trying again this week at Cortina. Yet in the smaller sleds they have recently been invincible. Monti, a mountain man who turned to sledging after he broke both legs skiing, is now perhaps the finest

individual bobsledder alive, and he has impressive fellow competitors among his countrymen.

Because of the time it takes to build a first-rate run, bobsledding will not be included in the Winter Olympics at Squaw Valley, but Italian sports fans who feel a proprietary interest in this year's Games—the greater part of which will be held in Rome—were quick to hail the Monti-Alverà bobsledding victory as a "triumph for Italy—the equal of an Olympic title."

Photographs by Carlo Buzzigoli

SCORING ALONG at 70 mph, an Italian sled rides high up on icy wall at Cortina.





INGEMAR HITS THE CIRCUIT

INGEMAR JOHANSSON is a rookie in that formidable league, the winter sports banquet circuit, but last week he was performing with the style of a veteran and the stamina of youth. In Milwaukee the heavyweight champion was honored as Male Athlete of the Year; in Rochester, he was honored as the Professional Athlete of the Year and awarded the Hickok Belt, a massive gold-and-diamond trophy. Said Ingo: "This belt, I talk to the fellow and he tell me be careful. 'Never put it on your bathing trunks,' he say, 'because you go straight down to the bottom.'"

Between meals, Ingo works out at the gym. The other day, while he jumped rope at New York's Eighth Avenue Gym, two resolute teen-agers, Marie Johnstone and Rosalind Silverman, got past the astonished gatekeeper and interviewed Ingo for their high school paper, the Newton High X-Ray, of Long Island City, N.Y. The girls got his considerate attention, if no scoop. The champion said he hopes there will be a title fight in June if "we manage to get a contract signed in time," and repeated the hope his opponent will be Patterson. "We've interviewed Castro, too, but he scared us," said Marie. "Ingemar's too sweet to scare you."

SIGHTSEEING in Hickok trophy room before award dinner at Rochester, Ingemar Johansson meets another heavyweight.





WIDSEASON BANQUET FORM. Ingo shares dais at Rochester, where he received award as Professional Athlete of the

Year, with Middleweight Champ Gene Fullmer, straining over an autograph, Carmen Basilio and Yankee Pitcher Bob Turley.

ACK IN TRUNKS. Ingo works off calories jumping rope at Eighth Avenue (formerly Stillman's) Gym.



MEETING THE PRESS. Ingo gives interview to high school reporters Marie Johnston and Rosalind Silverman, amiably poses for their albums.



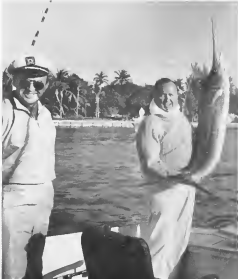
FISHING'S FIRST 'WORLD SERIES'

THIRTY-NINE of the best fishermen in the Americas met at Pompano Beach, Fla., for the first "World Series of Sports Fishing" and found themselves engaged in an angling tournament like none other. For five hectic days they moved from iridescent tidal flats to coffee-colored creeks, from weed-choked Lake Okeechobee (left), where guides waded to reach snagged lures, to the deep waters of the Gulf Stream.

Experts at one kind of fishing made novice's mistakes at another, and some had no success of any kind: Dr. Roy B. Dean, president of the International Light Tackle Association, didn't get a solid bite in five days. Sam Sneed landed the biggest bass (7 pounds) but lost a marlin, sailfish and tarpon. The contest was not decided until late the final day, when Art Hall, a veteran from California, boated three sailfish, added them to earlier catches of dolphin, bonefish, bass and redfish for the victory. "A great competition," said the champion fisherman of 1960. "A guy has to be lucky to win."

Photographs by Hy Pashin

SAM SNEED (left), empty-handed, can only smile as his boatmate, Bud Leavitt of Bangor, Me., shows off his sailfish, the pair's lone catch of the day.



TOURNAMENT WINNER Art Hall, a retired Long Beach, Calif. auto dealer, happily dolls heavy catch after deep-sea catch.

CROWD-DRAWING CATCH was contest's biggest, a 215-pound marlin landed by Bill Mosser.



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Bring Your Own Glove

A LARGE GRIN across his face, New York's Bill Shea told the world last week that the Continental League had settled on Buffalo as its eighth and final city. Organizer Shea admitted that sizable problems remain; for one, providing adequate stadiums (upward of 35,000 capacity) for each of the ball clubs; for another, "just and reasonable compensation" for any minor league franchises lost in the shuffle. But this would be handled in good time; what was important was that the Continental League had met Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick's primary requirement for membership in the majors—eight good cities and true.

Did the awarding of the Buffalo franchise mean, someone asked Shea, that the league was now ready to sign up a ballplayer if one walked through the door? "Does he have his own glove?" Shea joked. "Sure, we're ready. Any member of the league can now sign up ballplayers." Did Shea expect the cooperation of the Baseball Commissioner's office? "I always hope for the best," he said, a sudden frown extinguishing his grin.

"Understand this," Shea continued, "we've got the teams now and

we'll have the ball parks by 1961. We're also ready to pay indemnities to anyone we put out of business."

What were the Continental League's plans for broadcasting and televising games? "Every club will make its own radio and TV commitments," Shea said, "but two-thirds of all the money will go to the league treasury. It will be used to help the clubs field equally skilled teams while the league is in the embryo stage." Donald Grant, representing the New York franchise, interrupted. "Bill," he said, "I think it would be wiser if we just said a substantial amount will go into the treasury. We haven't all agreed on the exact percentage yet." "Sure, Don, sure," Shea said. "We can say a substantial amount."

League President Branch Rickey turned the meeting back toward unqualified optimism. "It's quite a task getting a whole family of children all dressed up and ready to go to church," he said. "I was reminded of this while we were trying to fill the league's membership. You know you will have trouble going to church together, but you also know you will surmount the difficulties."

Rickey leaned back in his chair, took a contented puff on his cigar. "It was 60 years ago on this very

date," he said, "that Ban Johnson announced his eight clubs and the American League held its first meeting. As of today, with the addition of Buffalo, we are officially launching the Continental League, and we believe our own future is even brighter."

How Not to Hire a Sprinter

AMERICAN COLLEGES have made a noteworthy progress in the subtle science of athletic subsidizing. But last week, like a dancer who had even forgotten his ABCs, South Carolina's Furman University was at the foot of the class.

Furman's bad marks stemmed from the clumsy way it tried to give away a track scholarship. The object of its affection was Dave Segal, a fairly talented British sprinter. Charles Robe, the Furman track coach, first heard of the 22-year-old Segal last fall when, with a fistful of scholarships at his disposal, he wrote to people here and overseas, seeking leads on promising runners. His letter to a columnist for the London *Daily Mirror* skipped lightly over academic requirements and read, as it was published, like a want ad: "[The boy we want] should be about a 10.6-second man in the 100 meters or 9.8 or 9.9 in the 100-yard dash . . . a fine 440 or 400-meter man or low hurdler." Dave Segal, a 9.6 man in the 100-yard dash, applied. Coach Robe wrote back he would meet Dave's plane.

The British Amateur Athletic Association (BAAA for short) caught up with the letter to the *Daily Mirror*, sniffed subsidized athletics and sent a warning to Segal: accepting the track scholarship would jeopardize his amateur status and his chance to run in the Rome Olympics. In BAAA's view, the scholarship was "offered solely to raise the standard" of Furman's track team. Thus it violated a ruling of the

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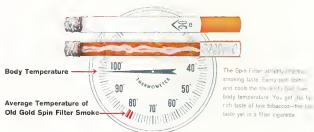
They Said It

BILL VEECK, Chicago White Sox boss, asked on TV why he dislikes New York Yankee General Manager George Weiss: "How much time do we have?"

JACK SPIERS, TCU fallback, explaining why he signed with Lamar Hunt's Dallas Texans of the American Football League instead of the Pittsburgh Steelers of the National League, where Baltimore's Gene (Big Daddy) Lipscomb plays: "One, Mr. Hunt said I wouldn't have to play against Big Daddy. Two, Mr. Hunt said I wouldn't have to play against Big Daddy. Three, Mr. Hunt said I wouldn't have to play against Big Daddy."

GOVERNOR NELSON ROCKEFELLER, addressing New York baseball writers: "I'm not sure why I should be speaking at a baseball dinner. Maybe someone heard I was the No. 1 spring holiout this season."

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Canadian Club

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

International Amateur Athletic Federation against overt athletic scholarships. "This one was absolutely blatant," said the BAAA.

Furman countered by offering Segal an academic scholarship. The BAAA was neither impressed nor amused. Their answer was still to the effect that "if you run in America on this deal you're risking your amateur standing."

Enrolled at Furman last week on a "general excellence" scholarship, Student Segal was applying himself to business administration. Coach Robe is applying himself to finding another dash man.

Conditioning for the Cup

ANY YOUNG MAN who plans to have a try at bringing the Davis Cup back from Australia this year had better make up his mind right now that the job won't be any lark. The newly appointed Davis Cup captain made that pitilessly clear last week.

A dark-horse choice by the USLTA to replace retiring Cup Captain Perry Jones, Salt Lake City Businessman David Lester Freed is a man who believes above all in physical fitness. Winner of the U.S. Senior singles title five years ago, Freed at 50 is a teetotaler who makes it a point to play at least an hour of tennis before breakfast every morning—weather permitting—and more before going to bed at night. Only in the dead of winter does Freed relax this regimen, and then he plays squash. Despite the fact that the Freed business interests range from livestock to finance, with some real-estate and trailer selling tucked in between, any caller at the Freed office during exercise period is sternly told that the boss cannot be disturbed. "If you don't set a high priority on exercise, you just don't get any," says Freed.

Of Freed's immediate predecessors, Billy Talbert approached the job of cup captain as an able field general, Perry Jones brought to it a considerable skill as organizer and administrator. Captain Freed, who will have clay-court champion and veteran Davis Cupper Tat Bartzen to assist him on the field as assistant captain, will

approach the job from still another angle. "The greatest emphasis," he says, "will be on physical condition. The squad and I will get together and we'll talk and I'll tell them what physical conditioning means. The important time for me and for the players will be the 60 days prior to the matches. That's when the cup will most likely be won or lost."

The Totem Pole

"I WAS a-comin' to me," said Willie Mays. "I deserved a raise."

In these simple but heartfelt words at a mock signing for the benefit of newsmen (the actual signing had taken place in the privacy of Horace Stoneham's office a week before), San Francisco's Say Hey! boy last week acknowledged his newly won position as high man on baseball's salary pole.

As near as the sports page experts could figure from the doubletalk at this and other spectacular signings (actual figures are seldom released), Willie was going to earn \$85,000 this year—\$5,000 more than second-high man Stan Musial, who took a big cut from last year, and a good \$20,000 more than the onetime top man, Ted Williams.

As confident of his own ability as Willie and with a comparable gift of rugged phrase was Mickey Mantle. Of the \$65,000 offer from the Yankees that would put him in third place on the totem pole, Mickey said simply: "They cut me more than they shoulda."

Nightclub Golf Pro

THE LITTLE CLUB is a cheerful night spot in Manhattan's supper-club belt. Very chic, very little. It is also the first nightclub in the world to hire its own golf professional. He is Joe Campbell, 24, pro golf's rookie of the year in 1959.

"My friends and the people who come here were shocked and amazed," said the club's owner, Billy Reed, the other evening as he sipped a Pernod mist. "They all thought I was crazy. 'Waddaya mean you got a playing

continued



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

pro?" they asked me. "What's a place like this going to do with a golf pro?"

Well, it started a couple of years ago. Reed, who has been playing golf for five years, had read with interest about some of the young pros and how they go out on the tour with financial assistance from friends or from golf clubs. So he asked himself, look, if a golf club can have a playing pro why can't The Little Club have one too? Right?

Reed scanned the field of young pros, finally settled on Campbell after seeing him play in the 1959 U.S. Open.

Reed started negotiations. Joe dropped in at the club last October, and they signed a contract. Out on the tour Campbell registers his affiliation as The Little Club, New York. Each month Reed checks happily and shoots out a check for \$250, talks to Campbell on the phone in between checks.

"Nobody thinks I know what I'm doing except my wife, but it may start a trend," Reed says. "It's given

me a tremendous—no—fantastic kick to go into this. It's like buying a race horse." As in racing, Campbell is swathed in his owner's colors. On tour, he is supplied with a choice of red or white golf hat and red or white sports jacket, each with Little Club insignia (a peppermint-striped canopy) prominently displayed. He wears the same insignia on his golf shirt, and his golf bag has red and white stripes.

As Reed says, maybe this will start a trend. The day may not be so far off when Joe Campbell of The Little Club, New York (garbed in an outfit of peppermint striping) wins the U.S. Open as Cary Middlecoff, the Stork Club, New York (his golfing sweater a pattern of storks rampant), folds in the stretch, and bearded Tommy Bolt, from the Co-existence Bagel Shop, San Francisco, blows a three-foot putt on the final green, and flings his golf bag (blue demitasse cups and an exploding espresso machine) at the nearest caddy.

Hunting's Biased Bags

HISTORICALLY and habitually, hunters exaggerate the size and numbers of their kill, be the quarry tigers or doves or dragons. But now the Fish and Wildlife Service, a government agency long bedeviled by such misinformation, thinks it knows how to cope with hunting braggarts.

The F.W.S. first realized it had a problem about five years ago, after its agents made on-the-spot checks at public shooting grounds, totting up the daily bags of hunters before they drove away. These recorded figures didn't jibe at all with the claims of hunters using adjacent land, when it came time for these hunters to answer the service's postseason questionnaires. So F.W.S. began a study of the "biases" that enter into hunters' reminiscences.

One is what the service discreetly calls "memory bias." This is what ails hunters who report their season's kill in multiples of the bag limit—if the limit was four, the report is 16 or 20—thus conveying the idea they shot their limit each day they hunted.

Another group has a "neatness bias." These chaps report in round numbers or in multiples of five, and the F.W.S. considers their accuracy suspect. A man who says he shot seven ducks, on the other hand, very likely did so, the service feels.

There is also a "superstition bias." Almost no hunters report killing 13 ducks.

And lastly there is a "prestige bias." If hunters killed as many canvasbacks and mallards as they claim, these prized species would be virtually extinct. Conversely, more of the less valued species are shot each year than hunters choose to admit.

With its bias categories in hand, the Fish and Wildlife Service next called in one of its own experts, Earl Atwood of Patuxent, Md., and asked him to develop methods for statistical correction.

The result is a system of "bias elimination factors," with which a psychology-minded F.W.S. statistician can evaluate a hunter's report, assess which bias group the hunter is

continued



"How to weigh your dog: To weigh your dog, hold the dog in your arms, step on the scale and note the total weight. Then weigh yourself and subtract your weight from the total weight of yourself and the dog. The difference gives you the accurate weight of the dog."



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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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Hillary to the Heights Again

SIR EDMUND HILLARY, the New Zealand beekeeper and mountaineer, was in Chicago last week preparing for another ascent. No, Sir Edmund is not about to climb Chicago's highest peak, the Prudential Building (alt.: 912 feet with TV tower). The mountain is in Nepal but the money (\$200,000) is in Chicago, where a children's encyclopedia is financing the expedition that Hillary will lead into the Himalayas next September.

The chief purpose of the expedition is to collect facts on man's ability to adjust himself to extreme altitudes. Half of the party of 14 will spend nine months at 18,000 to 20,000 feet, and data on pulse and breathing rates and body temperature will be telemetered back to a base camp. As a final test, the climbers will tackle Mount Makalu (alt.: 27,780 feet) without oxygen kits. Mount Makalu has been climbed only once, by a French party using oxygen in 1955, and it is 1,000 feet higher, Hillary says, than the highest peak climbed thus far without oxygen.

While his mountaineers are cheerfully gasping for science, Sir Edmund expects them also to keep an eye out for Abominable Snowmen. Instead of tracking the hairy creatures, as others apparently have done, Hillary's men will station themselves at crucial outposts and hope a Snowman drops by. If one shows up, it will be bagged and anesthetized with a gun that shoots a hypodermic syringe.

But Sir Edmund is doubtful that the Snowman will turn out to be a humanoid. "I'm more inclined," he says, "to the view that it's some bear or a monkey that has somehow learned to walk on its back legs. It's also possible that the tracks have been made by one of the Sherpa holy men. I've really got nothing to substantiate my belief. One just has a natural skepticism of the unusual thing turning up."

Sir Edmund's party—six Americans, five New Zealanders and three Britons—is made up of scientists and climbers. "People tend to pick themselves," he says when asked how the members of the expedition were chosen. "The man has to have done some high-class climbing over a number of years. He would have had to pioneer some new routes, which I think is the mark of a great climber. We don't want somebody that will be brilliant for a while and then poop out."

Sir Edmund still likes to think of himself as an amateur. "I regard climbing very much as a hobby," he says. "Once one adopts a professional approach to these things, a lot of the pleasure and enjoyment goes out of it. The ideal is to be the amateur in heart and the professional in skill. We climb mountains because we damn well enjoy it."

The Ins and The Outs

HANK AARON is in. Ernie Banks is out. Paul Brown is in. Amos Alonzo Stagg is out. Jimmy Brown is in. Johnny Unitas is out. Avery Brundage is in. James D. Norris is out. Bill Russell is out. Wilt Chamberlain is in, but spelled Chamberlin. What the ins are in and the outs are out of is *International Celebrity Register*, a weighty (five pounds) but buoyantly written book (George Weiss, for instance, is a man "whose face seems to run into his body without time for a neck"), which sells for \$26.



Choosy Hiker

A hike through twisting trackless trails
Can rouse his righteous wrath:
He likes terrain that's smooth and sane
But hates a psycho path

—ETHEL DRIVITO

Register's editor-in-chief is Cleveland Amory (in), who is both buoyant (spirit) and weighty (flesh) and owns a Van Cliburn (in) harp. *Register's* publisher is Earl Blackwell (out), who is courtly, has an accent as soft as a magnolia blossom and, as a boy, caddied for Bobby Jones (in). Amory's boyhood idol was Barry Wood (out). "He spoke to me my first day at Milton Academy when he was a top classman," says Amory with awe. Of the 2,340 biographies in *Register*, some 10% are of sports celebrities.

"A celebrity," says Amory, "is someone who was made by news and now makes news."

"For the first time," says Blackwell, "a book of this kind has brought sports up to where it belongs. Sports celebrities are strong celebrities."

"Cl McDougald," says Amory, "is not a celebrity. He's a workhorse. But Ted Kluszewski—I love that guy—is. Klu was the last one we put in the book. Here's what I wrote about him three weeks before the Series: 'In the World Series of 1959, the big fellow was not only much in evidence; he was, in many ways, the White Sox' only hope. . . . Only Klu . . . could be counted on for the long ball.' I'm the only guy who wrote the Series before it happened. I took one hell of a chance [Klu, fortunately, hit three home runs, batted .391], but that's the spirit the whole book was written in."

"Ted Williams [in]," adds Amory, "is the most dramatic sports celebrity there is."

"Sarsen and Hagen are out," says Blackwell. "So is Max Schmeling."

"This is not a history book," says Amory in the tones of a man who doesn't want to be thought capricious. But Amory does have an old favorite or two from the sporting chapters of history books.

"Jesse Owens," says Amory, "is a Clara Bow [in] type. He'll be in the book forever, no matter how many of his records are broken."

"We know two-thirds of the people in the book between us," says Blackwell.

"To say hello to," says Amory. "I mean, I say hello to Adlai Stevenson [in], but he's in another league." **END**



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21 hrs. 25 min.



New York—Mumbai
11 hrs. 20 min.



San Francisco—Hong Kong
24 hrs.



Los Angeles—Tijuana
12 hrs. 50 min.



Boston—Paris
6 hrs. 20 min.



New York—Paris
6 hrs. 45 min.



London—Frankfurt
1 hr. 10 min.



San Francisco—Sydney
18 hrs. 50 min.



Los Angeles—Sydney
15 hrs. 20 min.



New York—Guatemala
8 hrs. 20 min.



San Francisco—London
11 hrs. 40 min.



New York—Hamburg
8 hrs. 50 min.



Paris—Rome
5 hrs. 40 min.



Portland—Manila
5 hrs. 40 min.



New York—Princeton
9 hrs. 10 min.



New York—San Juan, P.R.
3 hrs. 25 min.



Tokyo—San Francisco
11 hrs. 30 min.



London—Hamburg
1 hr. 20 min.



New York—Dominican Republic
3 hrs. 15 min.



New York—Amsterdam
12 hrs. 25 min.

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13 hrs. 50 min.



New York—Osaka
13 hrs. 50 min.



New York—Rome
16 hrs. 20 min.



Tokyo—Honolulu
8 hrs. 50 min.



San Francisco—Honolulu
9 hrs. 45 min.



New York—Amsterdam
8 hrs. 25 min.



New York—Frankfurt
8 hrs. 40 min.



New York—Panama
7 hrs. 15 min.



Cancun—Buenos Aires
9 hrs.



New York—Rome
16 hrs.



New York—Tel Aviv
19 hrs. 20 min.



Los Angeles—Frankfurt
14 hrs. 10 min.



New York—Honolulu
11 hrs. 50 min.



New York—Osaka
13 hrs. 55 min.



Los Angeles—Hong Kong
23 hrs. 45 min.



Los Angeles—Honolulu
9 hrs. 29 min.



New York—Singapore
19 hrs. 35 min.



New York—Buenos Aires
14 hrs. 15 min.



San Francisco—Frankfurt
15 hrs. 55 min.



New York—Copenhagen
10 hrs.



New York—Yokohama
13 hrs. 45 min.



New York—Jakarta
15 hrs. 25 min.



New York—New Delhi
23 hrs. 15 min.

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NIXON DEFIES OLD HARRY



A GOLFER UNASHAMED, DICK NIXON CONSENTS TO BE SEEN WITH JONES AND OUMET

INEVITABLY, perhaps, in view of what has been transpiring on the White House lawn, at Burning Tree and in Augusta, Ga. these last seven years, the first clear-cut issue of the 1960 presidential campaign has turned out to be golf. That's right, golf.

The battle lines were drawn at a Democratic dinner in Washington when Harry Truman, a onetime White House tenant who took his exercise on the sidewalks of Pennsylvania Avenue, told a half-dozen potential Presidents and their backers that the Democrats' most urgent mission is to elect a chief executive who will do something "besides run around a golf course."

Truman's crack did not seem to perturb the President; he got in several rounds of golf in Palm Springs, Calif. Does Ike's golf perturb the voters?

It was way back in May 1899 that a little old lady of stern disposition and uncertain politics wrote the editor of the *Boston Record* hoping he could quell the disquieting rumor that President McKinley "had been seen playing golf." Since her time, however, the association of the White House with one or another popular national sport has come to be considered a political asset rather than a liability.

Presidents Taft, Wilson and Harding were all golfers. Coolidge and Hoover were dedicated fly-fishermen. F.D.R. was an ardent sailor (and, before his polio, an occasional golfer). Of all the 20th-century Presidents, Harry Truman was the only one who got all the exercise he wanted just by walking and talking. Not that Mr. Truman is necessarily averse to games. He is known to have enjoyed sitting down at a table set with

cards, chips and bourbon, a pleasure that some American voters consider earned by 18 holes.

With all this clearly in mind, Richard Nixon last week sat down at a dinner, and his hosts were not politicians but an array of some of the nation's top golf writers and some of the greatest names in the game, including Bob Jones and Francis Ouimet.

"I really got the golf bug," said Candidate Nixon, "long before I started playing, thanks to you, the golf writers." He hit his first golf ball when he was 39. "I would also like to make an award to the golf pros, mainly the club pros," the Vice-President went on. "I can tell you I'll never accuse any of them of playing 'customer golf.' I played a round with Sam Snead recently at Greenbrier. We were doing all right until Snead birdied the 18th. When Sam's partner, a Texan, asked him, 'Sam, why didn't you let the Vice-President win that one?' Snead answered, 'Why, man, I needed that money!'"

"The thing I admire most about Bob Jones," said Nixon, "is that he was such a fierce competitor. I think it is healthy not to want to lose. Bob

Jones hates to lose. I hate to lose—in golf or anything else."

Harry Truman, for that matter, has never liked losing either, but we have a hunch he's on the losing side of the golf issue. It's not just that 5 million adult Americans play golf but so many other fives and tens of millions of Americans play one game or another.

Some pretty good cartoons and gags sprang from Ike's golf early in his presidency. But after seven years the gag is beginning to wear pretty thin. We doubt whether anybody today begrudges any President, whether Democrat or Republican, his athletic pastimes.

As a matter of fact, Richard Nixon may even have improved on the popular appeal of presidential golf. Unlike Ike, who shoots in the mid-80s, Nixon shoots in the mid-90s. There are a lot more voters up there. If the Democrats wanted to play really rough, they might start a rumor that Nixon is actually a dozen strokes better than he lets on. That might turn the dufer vote against him—unless of course his opponent turns out to be Senator Stu Symington who, embarrassingly enough, shoots in the 70s. **END**

BRITAIN'S BEST ELEVEN

THERE was a time when association football was played best where it was played first, in England. Soccer for decades was a respite and a religion for gray-capped millions from Britain's industrial concentrations. Later the game added color to lives under the welfare state, and in the prosperity of the '50s it acquired allegiance from the intelligentsia. But in those same years British soccer, which stressed speed and body contact, lost its world leadership to European and Latin countries whose tactics were based on agility and ball control. Now a London club, Tottenham Hotspur, has managed to combine the old drive (typified by Forward Dave Dunmore, right) with a new subtlety and versatility.

Photographs by Brian Sed







TWISTING IN PAIN after collision with an opponent (in striped shirt), Center Forward Bobby Smith is treated by Trainer Cecil Poynton, while referee looks on.



HIGHFLYING HOTSPUR

The Spurs were established in 1882 and have been playing on the same ground—White Hart Lane in London, where they average almost 50,000 fans a game—since 1900. Their high point came during the seasons of 1949-50 and 1950-51. First they won the league's second division, thereby gaining promotion to the first division, and the next year they won that too, sweeping to the top of the tree in one bloomin' go.

Manager Billy Nicholson, 41, who was a halfback on the 1949-51 team, about which fans still speak in awed tones, is about ready to admit that this season's club is even better. Most of the 1959-60 star Spurs have been purchased from other clubs over the past six years, for a total of some \$700,000. They form the heart of this precise, pattern-weaving team, which can work its powerful and subtle game on icy as well as muddy surfaces. With over half the season gone, the Spurs have a firm hold on first place.



RAPT FANS, once solely from working class, now come from all walks of life, follow game closely. The 46 games played each Saturday in England average about 30,000 spectators apiece.

TALKING TACTICS in Spurs' dressing room during half-time recess, Coach Billy Nicholson demonstrates a maneuver to teesippers Terry Medwin and Dave Mackay, as teammates listen in.



CONTINUED

92 TEAMS, 1,000,000 FANS

The 92 teams that make up the English Football League are divided into four divisions. When a season, which begins in August and ends in May, is over, the teams at the bottom of one division drop down to the next. The teams that finish near the top move up. On an average Saturday, almost a million fans watch professional soccer in England. Admission prices range from two shillings, about 25¢, to 12 shillings sixpence (\$1.75), for the equivalent of a box seat. Despite the fact that the players are the idols of millions and the subject of a weekly gambling pool in which a third of Great Britain's adult population

participates, none of them, no matter how valuable, is allowed to earn more than £20 (\$78.40) a week, plus £4 for each victory and £2 for each tie. This is to protect some of the smaller clubs that would not be able to handle high payrolls. It is also designed to maintain team spirit, which might be destroyed if stars received more money. But leading players, like the top professional athletes in this country, make good money on the side from endorsements, from radio and television broadcasts, and even, in the case of Danny Blanchflower, captain of the Spurs, from writing unghoed books about the fine art of soccer.

WATCHING THE WATCHERS. police constable's chief duty is to usher crowds in and out of stadium. English fans are usually orderly, show their wrath only by booing.





AVERTING DANGER. Dave Mackay (far left) goes high in the air to head ball away from Tottenham goal. Spurs purchased Mackay a year ago for nearly \$85,000.



TEAM TUB. called a plunge bath, is gathering spot for happy Spur players after winning game. Most British players prefer baths, but showers are also available.



DO EAGLES SUFFER FROM ATHLETE'S FOOT ITCH?

Five New York doctors recently announced that they have never yet had an eagle walk into their offices suffering from the terrible itching and burning agony of athlete's foot. They refused to comment about Philadelphia where they do have Philadelphia Eagles. To get the real facts about eagles and athlete's foot, you'd probably have to see an Aetiosophite*.

However, we know a secret that lets you get rid of athlete's foot itch so fast you almost can't believe you had it.

The secret is a new kind of painless iodine,** world's greatest antiseptic. You see, everybody knows iodine is best for infections, even athlete's foot—except that it burns tissue.

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WIFFI SMITH, St. Clair, Mich.

Tip from the Top

Trusting the long irons

MOST WOMEN PLAYERS are apt to overuse their woods. They favor them because woods swing more easily than irons. Also the faces of fairway woods, as opposed to the long irons, have more loft on them and give women confidence that they will get the ball into the air. When the average woman player does occasionally use her two-iron, three-iron or four-iron, she feels she is struggling with clubs that might very well dribble the ball along the ground. To compensate, she tries to scoop the ball up—and that is fatal.

To play good golf, you have to develop good hand action. You can do this best by playing the irons, which are shorter than the woods and require greater control. In learning to play the irons the first step is to gain confidence in the clubhead. It will get the ball up for you if you give it a chance and if you don't interrupt your swing as you come into the ball. Give up the idea of trying to scoop the ball. It will rise nicely if you drive the clubhead into and through the ball.

For myself, I like to feel that I am going to drive the ball right into the ground. Actually, you are hitting through the ball, but thinking in terms of hitting down on it creates the correct arc for your swing and moves your hands into a position where they are capable of live action, the kind of action that makes for a beautiful shot, which is what you want.



NEXT TIP: Bob Watson on developing touch and control



James Boswell drank here [White Horse, of course]

James Boswell, Alexander Pope, and Sir Walter Scott are among the literary ghosts that haunt Edinburgh's famous White Horse Inn. The authors saw eye-to-eye on one thing—White Horse, of course—the greatest Scotch in history!

100% Scotch whiskies, White Horse is still made from the original two-centuries-old recipe. Its shimmering golden color promises true Scotch flavor tempered by Highland smoothness. And, to assure you of perfection, every bottle

of White Horse is individually numbered and registered at the distillery. Does not such grandeur prompt you, too, to woo the muse? White Horse, the Greatest Scotch in History.







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Photograph by Toni Frissell



**SKIERS'
LUNCHEON**

At a table set up in winter sunshine outside his chalet in the Swiss village of Klosters, Irwin Shaw presides over a festive meal with family and guests, after a morning on the nearby ski slopes. At his right is his wife Marian, their son Adam and (in *extreme left*) guest Barbara Legendre. Other guests, across the table, are Mr. and Mrs. Clem Brown and (at *extreme right*) F. M. Bacon III

Eating high

**An American novelist living in a Swiss
ski town tells of the delights of a robust
Alpine cuisine for the winter sportsman**

THE BASIC APPEAL of skiing is due, of course, to the joy the human race has always felt in sliding downhill as fast as possible. But after a few winters in the Swiss Alps I see that there is a wide range of secondary pleasures attached to the sport.

For the nature lovers, offended by the noise and bustle of the city, there is the silent grandeur of snow fields and inaccessible peaks. For the white-collar slaves of modern business, to whom the city is the loneliest place in the world, there is the chatty crush of the *téléphériques* carrying full loads up the slopes on a holiday weekend. For the Germans there is the opportunity to get broiled deep-bred by the sun. For the English the delicious risk of breaking their necks. For the Italians there is the exhilaration of traffic accidents at dizzying speeds without the usual impersonal paraphernalia put out by Alfa Romeo and Lancia to come between them and their victims. For the French there is the happiness of having an excuse to go off for a few days without their wives—or their husbands. For girls with good figures there is the praiseworthy occupation of showing off their good figures in skintight, brilliantly colored ski pants. For ladies with diamonds there are the glittering nightly ceremonies of the Palace Hotel in St. Moritz. And for everybody there is the sense of health and well-being that comes with innocent exercise and mountain air. And since health and appetite go inevitably together, not the least of the pleasures associated with skiing is the pleasure of eating.

People seem to eat more voraciously and with greater enjoyment in a ski town than anywhere else in the world, with the possible exception of a football training table. There is nothing like four hours of working up and down a wintry mountainside to make you feel that you have earned a large, heavy lunch. You can almost feel the calories burning blithely away and, as you pull in your belt notch by notch on each successive morning, you have none of the usual city guilt when you pile into the fried potatoes or take a second helping of spaghetti. And when gluttony is pursued at a table set out in the open, with a blazing sun beating down on the piled snowbanks, eating takes on a purity of tone, a noble dimension that even the most glorious of restaurants rarely attain.

The Italian cuisine which, with its savory pasta and its rich taste of olive oil, is the despair of the sedentary 20th century man, seems to have been designed from the beginning for the job of keeping meat on a skier's bones and a song in his heart when the wind blows and the blizzard howls in the upper reaches of the Alps.

My feeling about this no doubt comes from the fact that for the last seven years we have had as a cook an Italian lady who keeps emerging from the kitchen with a steady stream of such offerings as *fettuccine alla romana*, bubbling platters of *casselloni*, *spaghetti alla bolognese*, *gnocchi* made with polenta, pizzas prepared with fresh mozzarella cheese, which makes all the difference in the world, chicken *alla diavola*, which is grilled, highly spiced, over an open wood fire, beefsteak *alla fiorentina*, which is sirloin steak soaked in olive oil and garlic and then grilled over an open wood fire. With a fair admixture of salads and an open-minded attitude toward such Americanisms as Christmas turkeys and baked Virginia hams, and such local items as live brook trout, sausage and a delicacy called *Bündnerfleisch*, which is beef dried and cured in the wind and cut into paper-thin slices, an Italian cook can manage to combine, in a high-altitude package, the best of several possible culinary worlds.

A fresh wine called *Veltliner*, which comes from one of the valleys on the Italian border, goes very well with most of the Italian dishes, especially the pasta, and if you're thirsty and the sun is warm, it is quite all right to stick the bottle in the snow and chill it before you drink it. Swiss wines have been overshadowed by the magnificence of the neighboring vineyards of France, but the white wines, the Aigle, the Fendant, the Johannisberg, the Dézaley, are all fine drinks, and no less a man than James Joyce, who finished his days in Zurich, drank them with pleasure and praised them in straight, simple English.

Articles like this usually end with the recipe for some favorite dish of the writer's. I have only one recipe—but it has the advantage of being easy to follow and impossible to botch. Here it is:

SKIERS' SPECIAL

Find one light-fingered Tuscan cook. Put her in the kitchen. Stay out of the kitchen yourself. Mix yourself a drink. Sit down and wait for dinner.

Just make sure the snow is going to be good the next day, because it will take all day to work it off.

The infighting was vicious

Crusty, devious George Halas emerged as the big winner from the violent National Football League meeting in Miami

THE contentious owners of the National Football League spent a long, acrimonious week in Miami Beach selecting a new commissioner to replace Bert Bell and deciding that it would be wise to admit Dallas to their select circle as a 13th franchise. On the surface, disturbed as it was, the issues seemed clear-cut. Beneath

Paul was admitted for a year later.

The architect of expansion was George Halas, the founder, owner and coach of the Chicago Bears. Halas is an ordinarily quiet man, calm and serious behind thick, horn-rimmed glasses. The mildness can be deceptive; you have to watch him ranting on the sidelines at a football game to

several cities, among them Dallas and Minneapolis-St. Paul. At Bert Bell's funeral he conducted a quick, informal poll of the NFL owners, and after these soundings took it upon himself to commit the NFL irrevocably to expansion to those two cities.

But aside from this, Halas had an even more compelling personal reason for enlarging the league. Chicago is the only two-team city in the NFL. Halas is forced to share this rich market with the Chicago Cardinals,



LEADING CONTESTANTS in the bitterly fought battle between the old and the new factions in the NFL included Cardinal Owner Violet Wolfner (left), wily George Halas of the



Chicago Bears (center) and feardible Old Guardsman George Preston Marshall of the Washington Redskins. Halas, a tough exosky, won out on league expansion; Marshall lost all around.



the surface there were complex undercurrents of tension and personal antipathy. The owners were not just fighting for the fun of it, as some facile reports from Miami Beach implied. They were fighting for serious stakes, and some of their maneuverings would have done credit to backroom pros at a political convention.

The accomplishments at this marathon meeting were simple: 1) Alvin Ray (Pete) Rozelle, a charming, able man of 33 who had been signally successful as general manager of the stormy Los Angeles Rams franchise, was elected commissioner; 2) Dallas did come into the league (to begin play in 1960), and Minneapolis-St.

understand the violence and determination which underlie his being. He has been a part of professional football since its inception, and he has a real dedication to it—and to his personal creation, the Chicago Bears.

When the new American Football League was formed in August of 1959, Halas became convinced that the NFL had to fight back with strength against the budding competition. He remembered only too well the long and costly war the NFL fought with the old All-America Conference from 1946 through 1949. As longtime chairman of the NFL expansion committee, Halas had already explored the possibilities of granting franchises to

owned by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wolfner. He has offered the Wolfners as much as \$500,000 to move their franchise elsewhere, but Violet Wolfner is a stubborn woman who considers that the Cardinals have as much right in Chicago as the Bears. Besides this—or because of it—she has a strong dislike for Halas. And it is Mrs. Wolfner who runs the Cardinals; she inherited the team from her first husband, Charles Bidwill.

Aside from competition at the gate, which is negligible, Halas would like to get the Cardinals out of Chicago so that he can cut a bigger share of the television cake. All of the other clubs in the NFL televise their road games

back to their home cities, realizing a nice profit from the deal. Halas cannot do this because when the Bears are on the road the Cardinals are at home, and league rules forbid televising a game into a league city where the home team is playing.

The Cardinals could easily have accepted Halas' offer, since they have had frequent opportunities to leave Chicago. Their very weakness at the gate has made them the first target for any rich young man seeking to own a pro football team. This marketability has inflated the value of the Cardinals, and it is one of the reasons why the Wolfners have been against expanding the league. When the National Football League finally did admit the two new teams, this meant to the Cardinals that 1) they had fewer locations available to move to and 2) they had fewer prospective franchise buyers. The bull market for the Cardinal franchise was over.

ners would very likely be unable to stay in Chicago. What he was unable to accomplish by offering money, he set out to do more deviously.

THE HALAS WAITING GAME

When he came into the sun-bright room off the plush lobby of the Kenilworth Hotel in Miami Beach, Halas felt reasonably sure of nine of the 10 votes he needed to insure expansion. He cared very little about who would be elected commissioner, and he sat quietly through the long draw-out arguments. During the recesses and frequent caucuses among small groups of owners, he plugged away for expansion, shoring up his certain votes and trying to secure a commitment from the only uncertain team, the New York Giants. Wellington and Jack Mara, Giant owners, were for expansion in principle, but they were doubtful about the realignment of teams which would logically follow the addi-

Voting with Marshall for Gursel were Frank McNamee of the Philadelphia Eagles, Carroll Rosenbloom of the Baltimore Colts and, in later rounds, Art Rooney of the Pittsburgh Steelers.

Solidly aligned against them was a bloc of seven teams voting for Marshall Leahy, the attorney for the San Francisco 49ers. Leahy, a freckled, bushy man with a forceful personality, suited the seven teams' needs perfectly. He was every bit as strong as Bell had been, but he was oriented more toward the new teams in the league than toward the old.

In the bitter fight which raged for nearly a full week and for 23 ballots, Halas never voted. He sat quietly in the meeting, passing when the vote came to him. He had expansion votes on both sides of the commissioner question—everyone but Marshall on the anti-Leahy faction, everyone but Mara and Wolfner on the Leahy side. He did not want to offend any of



LEADING CANDIDATES for lucrative job of commissioner of the National Football League included Austin Gursel (left), an ex-FBI man who filled in temporarily as Bert



Bell's successor. Western bloc backed Marshall Leahy, prominent San Francisco attorney (center), finally compromised on Los Angeles Rams' personable general manager, Pete Rozelle.



The Washington Redskins, to a lesser degree, were in the same fix as the Cardinals. Playing in a small park (Griffith Stadium seats only 28,669), they depended heavily upon an extensive TV market in the South for their profits. George Preston Marshall, the Redskin owner who has been in the league 27 years and is just as tough as Halas, was as violently against the addition of new teams as Halas was for it. Realizing that a Texas team would cut into the Cardinal TV market in Texas, he quickly made common cause with the Wolfners against expansion.

Halas knew that if the Cardinal TV income was diminished, the Wolf-

tion of Dallas and Minneapolis-St. Paul. The Maras wanted Baltimore—which had been arbitrarily assigned to the West when it joined the NFL in 1953—assigned to the Eastern Conference.

While Halas was fighting his underdog war for expansion, the rest of the owners were haggling over the selection of a commissioner. The old guard of the league, led by the hawk-nosed, irascible Marshall, favored Austin Gursel, who was pro tem commissioner after the death of Bell. They wanted the league office to stay in Philadelphia, where it had always been, and they wanted a commissioner who was amenable to suggestion.

his supporters and he took no sides.

The fight over the election was as tough and vicious as the line play in a championship game. The seven clubs behind Leahy were determined to break what they considered to be the control of the old guard over the league. They remained obstinately behind Leahy, rejecting compromise candidates Edwin J. Anderson, president of the Lions, Donald S. Kellett, general manager of the Colts, and other less-qualified men tossed into the pot by Marshall and his adherents. As the week wore on, the atmosphere in the long, narrow room grew warmer and warmer. Only Halas,

continued

watching impassively through his horn-rimmed glasses, remained quiet.

On three different ballots, when the vote reached eight for Leahy and three for his opponent, Halas might have broken the deadlock. It takes nine votes—or three-fourths of the voting members—to elect a commissioner; but Halas, nursing his expansion plans, prudently passed.

Obviously, the dispute which handcuffed this meeting came over whether or not Leahy could operate the league office from San Francisco. He refused to move to Philadelphia, and Marshall, who was the vociferous spokesman of his opposition, contended that a league office on the Coast was eminently impractical. Rosenbloom of the Colts, an old and close friend of Bert Bell, wanted NFL headquarters kept in Philadelphia for the sake of old retainers, among them Assistant Commissioner Joe Labrum, 63, who would not move west.

Actually, the schism between the two groups went far deeper. "It's the last stand of the old power elite of this league," one owner said, "the men who dominated pro football for 20 years. Their time has passed now. They don't own the biggest parks or best teams, and they can't wield the power they used to. You remember the old picture, *Slag at Bay*? These are slugs at bay. And they haven't a chance against the wolves."

Late in the balloting, tempers flared. Once Rosenbloom, after offering Kellett as a compromise candidate, blew up. "You people are being ridiculous," he said bitterly. "You don't want to compromise. If God Almighty came down from heaven and agreed to serve as commissioner, you'd vote for Leahy." Marshall kept his temper remarkably well and even enlivened the meeting with a flash of humor. Mentioned once as a candidate, he said, "I'm available. And I can go anywhere. My wife put me on waivers not long ago." Marshall is recently divorced.

The log jam was finally broken by Wellington Mara of the Giants and Paul Brown of the Cleveland Browns. They settled upon Rozelle as a com-

promise candidate, and the tall, persuasive young general manager of the Rams was elected on the first ballot on which his name appeared.

He was an ideal compromise, acceptable to the Leahy bloc because he is from the West and acceptable to the anti-Leahy faction because he was a favorite of Bell, who had put him into the Ram job to handle the difficult peacemaking chore imposed by two factions of warring owners. And Rozelle was willing to move to Philadelphia for a year before shifting the league office to New York.

Immediately after Rozelle's election, Halas' shrewd refusal to take part in the bitter fight over a commissioner paid off. His expansion pro-

blem Murchison Jr., two immensely rich young Texas oilmen, and their general manager, Tex Schramm, had grown progressively gloomy through the long week of haggling over the commissioner. They had nearly given up hope of being admitted to the league in 1960.

Back in Dallas, where the owners of the new American Football League were meeting and voting Oakland in as their eighth franchise, the news that had proved so agreeable to Murchison, Wynne and Schramm was received with a great deal less enthusiasm. The reaction of the AFL owners, in fact, was quick and angry. Said Commissioner Joe Foss, the ex-governor of South Dakota, who is well versed in the intricacies of politics and well acquainted with members of the Senate antitrust subcommittee: "This is an act of war. We will go to court or to Congress to prevent the NFL from putting the AFL franchise in Dallas out of business. You have antitrust laws to take care of such situations."

Here is where Pete Rozelle stepped in, giving promise that behind that deceptively ingratiating manner of his is a strong will. His reply to Foss was simple but direct: "They moved into our territory in New York and in Los Angeles and in San Francisco. Why shouldn't we be allowed to move into Dallas?"

Lamar Hunt, the young, serious and well-heeled Texan who owns the AFL Dallas franchise and who founded the league itself, had an answer to that: "It's not the same at all. In our case it's just like a little dog going into the big backyard of a big dog.

But in their case it's the big dog going into the little backyard and asking the little bitty dog if there's not room for him. It's the size of the backyard that counts."

Senator Estes Kefauver, head of the Senate subcommittee, refused to take sides in what he considers a private battle. "I'm for expansion of football," Kefauver said. "But it is not a question of rights. It is a question of who has the better product in a city, if he produces it fairly without monopolization and without pushing anyone around."

END



DALLAS EXECUTIVES (from left) Tex Schramm, Clint Murchison Jr., Bedford Wynne, Tom Landry, waited week before learning that NFL franchise was granted.

gram passed when Mara joined Halas' nine sure votes, giving him the 10 needed to put over expansion and admit Dallas in 1960 as the 13th team, playing against each club in both divisions. Although Baltimore was not put in the Eastern division, the East was given the right to decide whether to take Dallas or Minneapolis-St. Paul after the 1960 season.

News of the admission of Dallas to the NFL was received joyfully by the Dallas NFL owners, who had been waiting all week in the lobby of the Kenilworth. Bedford Wynne Jr. and

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In search of snowbirds

Some 1,200 miles north of Manhattan, in the subarctic land of Eskimos, Indians and endless winter, this group of hunters found ptarmigan shooting rugged adventure

AGAINST the wild, snow-covered tundra of the subarctic, the delicate white-plumed bird I held in my hands seemed unreal. Certainly, it was one of the strangest creatures I had ever seen and as challenging as any I had hunted. Its feathers were the color of fresh snow and as thick and soft as deep-plum velvet. Its feet were enormous in proportion to its tiny body, and were covered with what looked like heavily tufted fur. The bird was a ptarmigan, smallest member of the grouse family; and I had traveled 1,200 miles from New York, nine hours by airliner and bush plane, to hunt it in the bleak, frozen wilderness of the northern Quebec peninsula on the eastern shore of Hudson Bay.

Our camp was at Great White River, a tiny Eskimo and Cree Indian village which also houses a Royal Canadian Air Force base on the Mid-Canada defense line. This is a land of almost unending winter, of winds that roar across the bay with hurricane force, of short, overcast days and long, lonely nights. In the brief periods between storms, Eskimo women chop wood in stands of stunted spruce, while their men stalk seals on the bay and ptarmigan in the frosted willows.

They kill the birds singly with sticks and with .22 rifles, but if they are lucky enough to find a whole flock huddled together in the protec-

tion of a drift they will use a shotgun to harvest it all with a single charge. Shells are expensive and not to be wasted. The Eskimos hunt ptarmigan for food, not for sport, which is a luxury their meager existence does not permit.

We had come, on the other hand, to try our luck at wing shooting. There were seven of us: our host Tom Wheeler, president of Wheeler Airlines in Montreal (Canada's oldest, which now supplies the Mid-Canada and DEW lines); his daughter, Barbara Patch; Gerry Fitzgerald, manager of Wheeler's Lac Outlets Club in the Laurentians; Bob Cowen and Guthrie Bicknell of Cleveland; my husband Bob Grimm and myself. None of us had shot ptarmigan before, but Tom Wheeler, in earlier visits, had heard enough about the birds to make him think that hunting them might be exciting sport.

A GUIDE NAMED SIDNEY BULLFROG

It was Tom who recruited guides for us among the natives, and the morning after our arrival we met the first of our two, Sidney Bullfrog, running alongside a dog sled through the heavy snows. Sidney was a Cree who nodded yes to everything and, it turned out, did not understand a word of English. His sled was a modern replica of the old Eskimo *komaik*, but in place of caribou thongs its parts were held together with rusting nails. Seven wild and snarling dogs were hauled before it in a tangled maze of rope, while an eighth husky, a bitch, ran ahead of the pack, apparently to inspire the males.

Because of the strong antagonism

between the Crees and the Eskimos, Sidney refused to hunt with Charlie Tuckaluck, our other guide, and so we split our party. Wedged on Sidney's sled, four of us started north toward a series of low, ice-crowned hills. A ground-drifter, blowing out of the arctic, heaved sleds into our faces. About four miles from camp we abandoned the sled to continue on foot. Bent against the heavy winds and slowed by the drifts, we suddenly discovered that Sidney Bullfrog was no longer in sight, nor were his tracks visible in the snow. We had a moment of panic, but a few minutes later we spotted Sidney in the distance signaling to us.

He waved his arms toward the top of a small hill, nodding his head up and down. Not until we were within yards of the crest did we see the three motionless white heads projecting above the snow. Bob and Guthrie walked toward the birds, but they refused to flush. Finally the men kicked a bootful of snow in their direction, and with a flutter of wings the ptarmigan took off in an erratic, twisting flight. The men fired, and hit all three.

We were pleased, but Sidney obviously and vocally was not. It was some time before we figured out why. To Sidney, a bird on the ground was worth ten in the air and, even more serious, the waste of three precious shells on only three birds was typical white man's foolishness.

Still complaining, Sidney carefully pulled the tailfeathers from the birds and placed them, quill down, in a half circle in the snow. This, the natives believe, assures the return of other ptarmigan within a week. Sidney was then ready to go home, but we, of course, had only started to hunt. We tried to tell him this, without success. Finally, in pantomime, I flapped

continued

Photographs by Robert Grimm

SNOW-WHITE PTARMIGAN are exotic trophies of subarctic hunt for Mrs. Peter Patch of Montreal (*right*) and the author.



HIKING ACROSS A RIDGE OF WIND-EXPOSED ROCKS, GUTHRIE BICKNELL

HUNTING continued

my arms like wings and said "peep-peep." He laughed, then nodded his head. For the rest of the trip this proved the best way to tell the guides we wanted more birds. They were perceptive, if not bilingual, because they wisely decided the wing flapping meant hunting and the peeps meant nothing. This, we decided later, was

fortunate when we learned that "peep-peep" in the native slang does not mean birds. It means sex.

The guides had reason enough to be confused by the mere presence of women in our party. In northern society only men hunt. The women gather wood, make clothing and chew the sealakin *uukivks* to softness when they grow brittle. Sidney and the other guide were afraid that

women hunters would bring bad luck. The native women, on the other hand, seemed more afraid that we might shoot them.

On the third night a storm buried the village in snow and left shoulder-deep drifts for miles. For a full day the Eskimos refused to leave their huts. We decided to chance going out alone. Once we learned to recognize the ptarmigan's distinctive tracks,



(FOREGROUND) AND BOB GOWEN SCAN DRIFTING SNOW FOR PTARMIGAN

the smooth new snow made finding the birds much easier. On the first few hunts, failing to associate such oversized tracks with a bird so small, we ignored them and literally walked over dozens of ptarmigan without seeing them. Against the snow their white winter plumage makes the birds virtually invisible. When danger approaches they usually remain motionless, further camouflaging them-

selves by closing their black eyes.

Once we found the birds, the sport was to flush them and then swing on our clumsy snowshoes for a shot as the ptarmigan darted into the air. This was less easy than it may sound. One of us almost always landed head-first in the snow, shoes hopelessly twisted and barrels clogged. This hazard helped give us a sense of conquest when we did bring down a bird.

In six days our party shot just over 50 ptarmigan, and each of us tramped through about that many miles of snow to take them. Had we hunted Eskimo-style, our bag would have been several times this number, but we would have missed the rigorous yet rewarding excitement of the search for these beautiful birds and some of the most unpredictable wing shooting I have ever attempted.

END



Ski Tip

by WILLY SCHAEFFLER

QUESTION: I always seem to have trouble negotiating a narrow corridor or an obstructed section in a trail. Is there a quick turn that will help me?



Approaching tight spot, prepare to make complete turn some distance away.



Turning toward spot, be ready to cut turn off as skis line up properly.

Answer: Yes, but you must make the turn before you get to the tight spot. Trouble comes when your skis are turning instead of tracking as they go through. If they are turning they will naturally slew against one side or the other. Pick a spot some distance uphill and make your turn—any turn will do—where you are free from obstacles. Cut the turn off as your skis line up on a path straight through the bad spot and then follow that path. Don't try to stem or slow down in passing. Wait until you are in the clear to make a turn. This technique is the same as that used by a racer in a slalom gate—he turns first and then he shoots through.

Drawings by Sue Silverman



Solid line shows the correct path through narrow spot. Dotted line is wrong path.



Running through, hold to straight path. Do not try to stem or slow down.

Rome via Eighth Avenue

While Jumper John Thomas was setting a world record at the Millrose Games, Jim Grelle made the mile look easy

As miles go, the American one is good enough: 5,280 feet, 1,760 yards, 1.36¹/₂ on a good day at Hialeah. It stacks up pretty well inch for inch with anybody else's mile. The trouble is that Americans can't seem to run these 5,280 feet as fast as foreigners do. American milers are patronized by distance runners from other countries and looked upon with a certain mixture of sympathy and embarrassment here at home.

If the United States made a habit of producing poor hammer throwers, somehow we would all find a way to survive; it is always possible to explain, with proper modesty, of course, that one can hardly be expected to excel in everything. The hammer throw can even be ignored, although ignoring hammer throwers themselves might present something of a problem. It is impossible, however, to ignore the mile. This Everest of track events is always there, fascinating, demanding, challenging, and about all we have been able to do in recent years is admit that we've been lousy in it. But take it from Jim Grelle, things are going to change.

"Dyrol Burleson," says Grelle, "can beat Herb Elliott right now."

Grelle, it should be explained, is a miler himself, and not a lunatic, no matter what he says. He's a pleasant fellow of 23, blond and boyish and slightly emaciated, as any good distance runner should be. A graduate student in business at the University of Oregon, he is America's least-known good runner, having won the U.S.-Russia dual-meet 1,500 meters in 1958, the NCAA mile last year and a handful of other well-regarded events. In fact, only three Americans—Don Bowden (our only sub-four-minute miler), Wes Santee and Fred Dwyer—have ever run a faster mile than Grelle's 4:01. Jim's trouble is that

when he runs, people always seem to be looking at something else: Don Bragg pole-vaulting or John Thomas high-jumping or some babe in Bermuda shorts walking down the next aisle.

Last Saturday night, in the Millrose Games at Madison Square Garden in New York, Grelle did it again. While the crowd watched Bragg as he worked his way up toward 16 feet (he eventually missed, brushing the bar with his chest) and Thomas as he threatened to jump all the way out into Eighth Avenue (he finally missed, too, after raising his world indoor record to 7 feet 1½ inches), Jim Grelle won the famed Wanamaker Mile. Perhaps not in the overpowering tradition of Ron Delany or Don Gehrman, who each won it four years in a row, or Glenn Cunningham, who won it six times in all, or even those occasional winners, Venkze and Fenske. But for a guy whose name doesn't rhyme too easily ("fella" is the closest he can get), Grelle did a pretty good job.

OVERHAULING THE POLICEMAN

Concerned only with Ed Moran, the ex-Penn Stater who won at Washington a week before and who has done 4:01.7 outdoors himself, and Phil Coleman, the Illinois English teacher who won the season opener at Boston, Grelle stayed back in the field during the early laps. He is not an effortless runner, but neither is he a struggling one. Jim Grelle just runs along, in a pleasant sort of way, and eventually, when the time comes, he takes off. That is what happened in the Millrose Games.

Moran led the pack through a fair 61.2 quarter and an ordinary 2:04.1 half. Hippity-hippity-hop came Grelle. Then Coleman, who is called the policeman because he refuses to



SPECTACULAR JUMP by Thomas broke record, was his seventh over seven feet.

let these indoor miles get too slow, moved into the lead and hit the three quarters in 3:06.8. Loping along came Grelle. Then the three leaders came down the straight leading into the final lap—and zoom went Grelle. He jumped ahead of Moran as the gun for the last lap went off, passed Coleman at the end of the straight and whirled around to win by two yards. The time was 4:06.4., better than

continued



LAYING BACK IN LAST PLACE DURING THE EARLY LAPS (LEFT), JIM GRELLE LETS ED MORAN SET PACE, WAITS UNTIL START OF FINAL



TRACK continued

three of Delany's four winning efforts, better than any of Gehrman's or Cunningham's, and fourth-best in Millrose history. The crowd took its eyes off Bragg and Thomas long enough to applaud politely.

"I've got a blister on my left foot," said Grelle in the cavernous basement beneath the Garden where he was cooling off. "I guess my shoe was too loose." The time? "Well, I was hoping it would be a little faster." Why didn't he go out early and set a faster pace? "I don't feel safe out front." Was he pleased? "Yeah, I guess I'm pleased. You can't do any better than win."

Despite his victory Saturday night, however, and the ones which came before, Jim Grelle is more famous for not winning. He ran fourth (4:01.7) behind Herb Elliott's 3:57.9, then a world record, in the National AAU at Bakersfield in 1958; he ran fourth (4:01) behind Dan Waern's 3:59.2 in Sweden last summer; and two years in a row he finished second to Delany in the NCAA mile. Yet when Grelle speaks of the future of American mile running his voice rings with authority, for he is the world's greatest living expert on the back of Dyrol Burleson's neck. Grelle has run second to Oregon's 19-year-old whiz kid

so many times in the last year that he is beginning to lose count.

"Well, it's not really that bad," he says. "I think I can beat him. After all, I'm the only one who has beaten him since he has been in college. But I'm going to have to get in awfully good shape."

BOWERMAN'S BOYS

There is no envy between these two prize pupils of Bill Bowerman, the Oregon coaching genius who previously produced Ken Resser, Jim Bailey and Bill Dellinger; they are not only teammates but friends, and the rivalry arises only when they step on a track. No one is more impressed by the credentials of the big, powerful Burleson than Grelle. As a 17-year-old, Dyrol set a national interscholastic record of 4:13.2. As a college freshman last year he won at the Drake and Modesto relays, at the National AAU championships, at the U.S.-Russian meet in Philadelphia. This season he won the Sugar Bowl mile, and in his first try indoors, at the opening of the new Los Angeles Sports Arena (SI, Feb. 1), he beat a field which included Dan Waern.

"That boy," said Waern, "will be in the finals of the Olympic 1,500 meters at Rome."

"At the finish," says Grelle, "he may be out in front."

Jim waves aside the fact that Burleson has never run the mile faster than 4:05. "With Burley," says Grelle, "you can throw out the clock. Time doesn't mean a thing. He runs to win. And he's never been pushed."

"Look how young he is and the way he improves. He's chopping off about six seconds every year. Coach has been taking it easy with him; you don't want to push a boy along too fast, even one as strong as Burley. That's why he didn't send him to the Millrose Games. If he had made one of the European trips last year he would have been under four minutes by now. He'll run it this year. So will I. Anybody who makes the Olympic team is going to have to run the equivalent of a four-minute mile. I tell you, he's going to set a world record some day."

"You wouldn't believe some of the things he has already done. One day in practice Burley told Bowerman he wanted to run a four-minute mile. So Coach went along with him; gave him a half-mile to pace him the first 880 and another one to pace him the second. Everything went fine through the first half, but the second pace-setter took off like he was running a quarter. Burley tried to stay with him, without overdoing it, but when he began to fall behind he decided he must be running too slow. So he said



LAP TO CHALLENGE PHIL COLEMAN (CENTER), AT FINISH IS AHEAD OF COLEMAN BY TWO YARDS IN GOOD TIME OF 4:06.4 (RIGHT)

what the heck and dropped out with half a lap to go. His time was 3:26. For 3½ laps. I don't think anyone has ever done that before. He would have been way under four.

"And he's a smart runner, too. He's never foolish, he's never made a mistake in a race; he has a perfect mind for the mile. Terrific confidence. At Bakersfield, when he was 18 and just out of high school, he went out to beat Elliott in the AAU. Oh, I guess if he had to bet, he would have wanted some odds, but Burley really thought he might beat him."

The one race which Burleson lost to Grelle was in the Oregon AAU. Neither wanted to go out ahead, and both dawdled off the pace. Finally it came down to the stretch, and Grelle outspurred Burleson and won. The time was 4:05.7.

"The time wasn't too good," says Grelle, "but I'm as proud of that race as any I've ever run, maybe prouder. Because I did beat him and that's the idea in track, to win."

"I'M GOING TO BE A LOT BETTER"

Grelle is well aware of Burleson's great strength and the remarkable finishing kick the young miler has turned on to win most of his races. But Grelle also thinks he is every bit as fast as Burleson. Maybe faster.

"Not last year," he says. "I wasn't

working hard enough. For one thing, I didn't want to get tired of running and wear myself out the year before the Olympics. But I'm working hard now, harder than I ever have. I'm going to be a lot better this year."

Actually, Burleson and Grelle may not compete against each other very many times this year, since Bill Bowerman would prefer that they run different events. For example, at Los Angeles, while Burleson was winning the mile, Grelle was breezing to a very impressive victory in the 1,000. And that is all right with Grelle, too.

"If we run the same race," he says, "we can't both win. So I'm thinking about working on the steeplechase. What I would really like to do is hit the Olympic qualifying times in the half, the mile and the steeplechase. Then I can decide later which event to go after at the final Olympic trials."

An innovation for the 1968 Games, the Olympic qualifying rules allow each nation one automatic entrant in every track and field event. A nation may enter as many as three in each event, provided all three achieve certain minimum standards. This is to keep the huge entry list from becoming cluttered with a flock of 5-foot high jumpers—or five-minute milers. The standards in Grelle's events are 1:49.8 for the 880, 4:02 for the mile, 8:55 for the 3,000-meter steeplechase.

"I can do the half any day I decide to go out and try it, I'm sure," Grelle says. "All you have to do is run the qualifying time once in a recognized meet. The mile I know I'll hit early in the season. I don't know about the steeplechase; I'll have to find out."

"But if I do all right, then I think the steeplechase it will be. In the mile, there's Burley. In the 880, there's too many other guys these days who can go too fast. But if I run the steeplechase, maybe Burley and I can both win gold medals at Rome."

REUNION IN ROME

If Grelle does make it to Rome, he will see a number of other young men who were present at the Millrose Games: Thomas, of course, and Charley Dumas; Bragg and Bob Gutowski; Hayes Jones, who tied the 60-yard indoor hurdle record of 7 seconds flat, and Lee Calhoun; Tom Murphy, who won the half-mile; and surely Al Lawrence and Mal Spence, although at Rome both the little Australian, who turned in a brilliant three-mile, and the Jamaican, who ran off with the Mel Sheppard 600, will be part of the opposition. But it's beginning to look as if the U.S. would bring home a good many medals anyway. Particularly if Grelle and Burleson are as good as Grelle says.

END

The Westminster: road to ruin

Our foremost show has wrecked many breeds. This week its judges could start undoing the damage

THE most important dog show in America, the 84th annual Westminster Kennel Club Show, next week takes over New York's Madison Square Garden. For two days some 2,500 purebred dogs will wait in stalls in the Garden's vast basement for their turn to promenade in the green show rings upstairs. At midnight on the final evening one dog will be chosen "best-in-show," which means he will become the best-known dog in the U.S. for all of 1960. His victory, as likely as not, will also mean the ultimate ruin of his breed.

With the exception of a few breeds, such as the Bedlington (see cover), Afghan, Sealyham and West Highland white terrier, whose victories at Westminster have been few and spread over many years, all of the big-time winners have degenerated as their victories mounted up.

Consider the record for the past 35 years:

- * Fox terriers won at Westminster seven times and were ruined.
- * Cocker spaniels won three times and were ruined.
- * Boxers won three times and were ruined.
- * Poodles won five times and were started on a ruinous course of progressively lower breeding standards that is still going on.

THREE GUILTY GROUPS

Why should these disasters have followed these triumphs? The rea-

sons—and, as we shall see, the remedies—are quite plain.

Three groups of "dog-lovers" must share the blame for the degeneration of so many best-in-show winners:

First, the judges. They are supposed to know what a dog should be able to do, as well as how it is supposed to look, but most of them judge solely on the basis of appearance, with little regard for temperament or ability. The obvious examples are the sporting breeds, the most notoriously abused dogs at any show. The premium placed upon conformation, at the expense of performance characteristics, has created a schism between field and show specimens that is now virtually unbridgeable. Just as the leggy, close-coated field spaniel bears only vague resemblance to its counterpart on the bench, so, too, are hustling Labradors, pointers, setters and hounds noticeably different in appearance and ability from those in the show ring.

Second, the public. No other dog show is so widely publicized or attracts so large an audience as the Westminster. The breed that wins at the Garden is almost certain to be the most fashionable of the year, and an enormous demand is created for it—a demand that usually exceeds the supply. In consequence, disreputable kennels begin producing for quantity rather than for quality.

Third, the breeder. Dog breeding



POODLES, LIKE LAST YEAR'S WINNER, ARE LATEST CASUALTIES

on any scale is an expensive, time-consuming profession, and the risks a breeder takes are many. He may pay an exorbitant stud fee for a well-known champion and then have that champion fail to produce a litter; the litter may be unusually small or it may contain several badly shaped or badly marked puppies; he may have to order a Caesarean delivery, which is costly; or he may lose his entire stock to an epidemic disease. Any one of these situations can put him out of business temporarily or permanently, and when the chance comes for him to get ahead of the game he often will seize it.

There are various ways in which a breeder can capitalize on the momentary popularity of a breed, and none of them does the breed much good. He can substitute an inexpensive stud for the champion but leave the champion's name on the records; he can add to a small but excellently bred litter the pups of an inferior breeding, and register them collectively with the American Kennel Club; he can deliberately disguise the defects of an inferior puppy; or he may fake "papers," which is considerably easier than counterfeiting U.S. currency.

Fortunately, the majority of dog breeders are honest, hard-working people; but the dog-buying public, impressionable and ill-informed, may tempt a breeder to violate his own ethics. It is hard to resist selling an

inferior puppy to a self-styled "expert" who doesn't want to learn anything and who is really concerned more with a fancy pedigree for his wall than with the quality of his dog. And the temptation, obviously, is even greater when a breed is suddenly rocketed into fashion by winning at a show with the prestige of Westminster.

Dogs that have survived Westminster victories have done so mainly because of rigid control of breeding practices. Ch. Rock Ridge Night Rocket, an ancestor of Ch. Femars' Cubic Car, the Bedlington on this week's cover, went best-in-show at the Garden in 1948. The next year should have found Bedlingtons everywhere. It did not—because most Bedlington breeders refused to meet the demand by lowering standards to speed up puppy production. The Bedlington Terrier Club of America, and a number of other breed clubs, carefully polices its breeder-members, is quick to single out malpractice should it occur and is dedicated to improving the breed itself rather than to increasing its numbers.

But none of the dogs that have had long strings of Westminster victories have fared so well. The wire-haired fox terrier, for one example, won six of the 12 Westminster shows between 1926 and 1937. During this period fox terriers became the most fashionable dogs in America and AKC registrations jumped from 2,690 to 7,415. Any fox terrier with a paper was bred, and any fox terrier puppy which even vaguely qualified for registration was sold at a premium price. Terriers were pampered, promenaded and praised everywhere, and it seemed to make no difference that, as the breed deteriorated, they became increasingly snappy, high-strung, difficult to train and to control. The few breeders who protested what was happening were shouted down. Today, two decades later, the fox terrier is just beginning to recover from the damage it suffered in the '20s and '30s. That it has survived at all is due to the fact that two new breeds pranced into the winner's ring at Westminster in the '40s.

After the fox terrier, it was the turn of the cocker spaniel. With My Own Bruce's Westminster victories in 1940 and 1941, the cocker became the American dog. Cockers decorated Christmas cards, calendars, billboards, wistful mementos to depart-

UNLUCKY WINNERS



FIRST VICTIM, the fox terrier, was ruined by repeated wins at Westminster show.



LATER VICTIMS include boxer (above), which became vicious attack dog, and the Doberman, which was saved from total ruin by its own fearsome reputation.



ing servicemen and the homes of 26,000 people. The degeneration of the cocker from a fine field dog to a neurotic house pet was swift, and at the peak of the boom, the delicate, elaborately manicured showpiece gracing benches across the country was no longer even recognizable as the same hardy breed which a few years before could flush a bird, retrieve it and deliver it with a mouth as soft as a baby's.

In 1947 a new favorite emerged from Madison Square Garden. A sleek, powerful boxer—Ch. Warlord of Maxelaine—replaced the ill-tempered cocker spaniel. In 1949 another boxer, Ch. Maxelaine Zazarae Brandy, was best-in-show. By 1951, when Ch. Bang Away of Sirrah Crest took the Westminster crown, it was already a common sight to see women dragged along the streets behind 50-pound brutes and children knocked down by overplayful boxer pets. As the breeding and selling became careless, a growing number of owners and innocent bystanders were viciously mauled by boxers. In the last decade, in the actual records of attacks on human beings, boxers have displaced the former "champions," the German shepherd and the Doberman.

A BITER'S REWARD

But the public seemingly has not profited from the boxer experience. In 1952 a Doberman pinscher, Ch. Rancho Dobe's Storm, won at Westminster. Since Dobermans have long had a reputation for viciousness, it might have been supposed that this breed, at least, would not suddenly become fashionable. Nonetheless, it did. The fact that at least one Doberman tried to attack the judge as he was being awarded best-in-show did not influence people who had decided they wanted one—and the boom was on.

It was, however, short-lived. New Doberman fanciers quickly discovered that they had bought an unpredictable and nasty beast that could neither be trusted nor enjoyed. The breed was not to be blamed. Rather, the problem rested with the untrained, unequipped people who carelessly bought dogs they were incapable of controlling. Under proper handling and circumstances, the Doberman is a superb specialist (SI, May 12, 1958), but brought into an

continued

inexperienced household, he will take it over faster than any other breed.

This characteristic helped save the Doberman from total ruin—this and the fact that there was never another to rival Storm, and thus keep the breed popular until it had been bred beyond all hope. And at the point when the big swing to Dobermans might logically have approached its peak, a poodle arrived in the best-in-show ring at Westminster to start the biggest breed craze since the cocker.

Poodles have won three of the last four shows, and today there are poodle motifs in everything from soap to jewelry. The boom has been hardest on the smaller poodles. A surprising number of males are born with un-

descended testicles. Eyes, in some toy strains especially, have become so popped that they project beyond the protection of the head. Yappiness and snappiness in a breed with which these characteristics are not normally associated is becoming increasingly common.

Whether the poodle survives the still-growing demand for it—in spite of an average \$250 price tag—will depend upon how long it can withstand being the center of dog show attention. Should another poodle win at Westminster next week, the victory may well be the final step to oblivion.

NEEDED: COURAGE AND CONTROLS

What can be done about this shameful cycle?

The responsibility clearly rests with

those judges and officials who find it easier to follow artificial show ring standards rather than to stand up for realistic standards; with the breeders who are willing to sacrifice integrity and honesty for a dollar quickly made; and with a naive public that insists on buying dogs the way it might buy cars, by style and model rather than by common sense.

Ultimately, the most important step toward reform lies in the control of breeding. Stricter controls enforcing the principles of selective breeding, in which desirable characteristics are selectively developed and undesirable ones eliminated, are needed. Such controls should be applied to a broad range of fine breeds by the existing breed clubs. These clubs should be policing agents of their breeds, not just publicity agents for them.

Improved breeding, however, is only part of the solution, and not the first part. Judging can be improved right now. A dog show should not be merely a beauty contest: judges should appraise a dog on the basis of the job it is supposed to do and on the way it is equipped—physically and temperamentally—to do that job.

Those same judges could, particularly at a show with the prestige of Westminster, bring the field dog back to the show ring if they were genuinely interested in improving the breeds they fancy. They, more than anyone else, are in a position to eliminate dual breeding in these dogs, whereby one line is bred deliberately to meet unrealistic show standards and another to produce a dog which can do its job in the field. They would have only to pass over the sleek but soft dog for the animal that is physically equipped to hunt. Why, after all, should a retriever with no desire to retrieve, a pointer with no instinct to point, or a bloodhound with no nose be permitted even to qualify for a major dog show? A surprising number of judges, as a matter of fact, do not even know what these specialized breeds should be able to do in the field.

Finally, the public needs to be educated as to just what a dog is and what it has to offer. It is nonsense to say, as no less a person than Arthur Frederick Jones, editor of the *American Kennel Gazette*, said recently: "In my view, all dogs are honest and true friends." No dog is an honest

WHAT IS A DOG FOR?



FIELD DOGS today are commonly bred to meet unrealistic show standards as typified by the delicate, carefully manicured, fur-blanketed show cocker above. The trim, rugged field cocker below was bred to emphasize his natural talent for hunting.



IN THE WESTMINSTER DOGHOUSE



TWO DESERVING BREEDS, REDBONE HOUNDS (LEFT) AND BLUETICKS, ARE DENIED RECOGNITION BY AKC AND WESTMINSTER

and true friend until it has been trained to be one. There is no question that, as a generalization, a purebred dog is a far better risk than a mongrel. Its breeding is a reliable indication of what it will be, both physically and temperamentally. Its shape, its abilities, its relative intelligence and adaptability to training can all be predicted to a reasonably certain degree when it is still a pup. But its potential will vary with different breeds, and the would-be owner should be alert to what these qualities are, and how well they suit his requirements in a dog—and, above all, he should know that the dog, any dog, has to be trained.

The owner also should face the fact that a dog's papers do not necessarily prove it to be a good dog or a dog suited to him. Westminster and other big shows have exaggerated the importance attached to the backgrounds of purebred dogs. Virtually the first boast of a new dog owner today involves the animal's papers. That he may not, and often does not, have the faintest idea what the papers represent is quite immaterial. For while so-called papers may actually be anything from a registration application to a hand-lettered pedigree, to some owners they seem

to be indisputable proof that the dog he has purchased is a "good" one, particularly if it sports a best-in-show at Westminster somewhere in its background. And it is precisely this weakness of dog buyers for documented verification that the dog exists (and this is about all some papers prove) that has led to abuses in so many kennels.

Westminster could also pave the way for acceptance by the AKC of a number of outstanding breeds in this country that are still to be recognized in purebred circles. An obvious example is the American farm shepherd, which, according to Dr. Leon Whitney in his excellent new book *The Truth About Dogs*, is more numerous than any other breed in the country.

"Can you imagine what would have happened if so many of these dogs were observed by Americans traveling, let us say, in Argentina?" Dr. Whitney asks. "Why, they would have 'given it a breed' long ago, formed a great club and imported them by the thousands." Dr. Whitney, who is a Yale University authority on canine eugenics, believes that the American shepherd is one of the few breeds bred for general intelligence among all the dogs of the world.

Yet, he adds, "Old Shep doesn't have an official breed name, but a so-called sheep-herding dog named komondor from Hungary is registered in the AKC."

Below the Mason-Dixon line virtually anyone will say the same about the redbone and bluetick hounds, which are as much a part of the South as corn bread and grits. Like the American shepherd, they breed as consistently to their own standards as any pointer or beagle. They can probably beat either pointers or beagles in intelligence, but nobody has ever seen one at Westminster—where *houviers des Flandres*, *kossmonds*, *Lhasa Apso*, *pulk* and *Rottweilers* are annually on view. This reflects a belief, long outmoded in most areas of U.S. culture, that anything American is inferior. A show as old and as stable as Westminster should have recovered from this colonial hang-over half a century ago.

Whether the redbone and the bluetick receive recognition in the near future, however, is less important than the fate of the so-called lucky dogs which are members of the "club." The first step toward restoring these breeds to their natural eminence as real dogs could be taken next week by the judges at Westminster. **END**



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

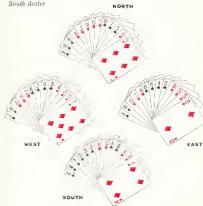
The 'feel of the table'

ALONG WITH those who share my given name, I suffered through the heyday of Jack Pearl. "Was you dere, Sharlie?" the comedian asked, and all Charlies everywhere had to answer with that same helplessness of tall men asked to describe the exotic weather around their heads. Eventually, I turned annoyance to advantage by asking the same question of myself when I failed to profit by what I should have seen at the bridge table.

In chess it is possible to take in everything that went on in a given game simply by studying a diagram of the moves. No diagram of a bridge game can convey the same complete picture. There is a certain something—a perception which experts call "feel of the table"—that decides the fate of many bridge matches. And the only sure way to share that feel is to be there—very much there—when the hand is played.

Rarely is that certain something as evident as it is in the following deal.

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
2♠	PASS	2 N.T.	PASS
4 N.T.	PASS	5♠	PASS
5♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

If South's bidding seems weird, allow me the storyteller's privilege of explaining why at the proper time.

I was reminded of this deal by the recent TV appearance of my old friend Percy Sheardown of Toronto. He was my partner, holding the West hand, when we played it against opponents who had wine as well as dined just before the evening tournament session.

"Shorty," as all his friends call Sheardown, opened the queen of diamonds. Declarer won and laid down the king of spades. His hand hovered over the table in a way that indicated unmistakably that he expected to win the trick. He did a double-take when I produced the ace of spades; he transferred an incredulous stare from my ace on the table to a card in his hand; then he moved that card from one end of his hand to the other.

It is now almost unnecessary for me to provide the promised explanation of the bidding. Obviously, South had thought his hand included the ace of spades, giving him an impregnable trump suit and making his Blackwood call for aces a very logical bid. He thought he possessed the ace of spades and a singleton queen of clubs.

It was entirely apparent that South must hold the ace of clubs, but no better return suggested itself. On my club return, South took his ace and played the queen of spades. To his delight, and our disgust, both missing honors dropped. With dummy's hearts readily available to take care of South's losers, the slam became a lay-down—although, as you might suspect, virtually no other pair in the tournament reached it.

While the opponents were sheepishly totaling up their score, Shorty cheered me up by shouldering the blame. "Sorry, Charlie," he said. "I could have beaten the hand." When I looked blank, he explained, "I should have led the king of clubs."

Had you been there, you would have known, of course, what he meant.

There is little doubt that Shorty would have taken the trick from South's "singleton" queen if he had led the king of clubs before declarer discovered that his cards were not properly assorted. Later, when South found that he lacked the ace of trumps, it would be too late for him to go back and win the first club lead.

EXTRA TRICK

It is unethical to get information from your partner other than that conveyed by his bids and the fall of his cards. But there is no such taboo against making the most of what you learn from the actions of your opponents, although you do so at your own risk. **END**



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DERBY STRENGTH

continued from page 19

want to risk an unready horse on it. He had trained Warfare rigorously for a race in late December, then pulled him out when the colt came down with a slight fever. Getting the dark gray son of Determine back to his peak of last October is going to require all of Roas's skill and patience. But the colt can run—and fast, too—and until proved otherwise, he's still the best.

A MEASURE OF DOUBT

And yet in another month or so Warfare, and some of the other well-publicized 3-year-olds (they arbitrarily acquired that age, of course, on January 1), could turn into also-rans. A lot of colts are just getting started and their races in the next three or four weeks will revise many early opinions. One of these, who may turn out to be the best of the lot, is a compact, neat little chestnut named Eagle Admiral, owned by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Persoes' Llangollen Farm.

The eastern-based opposition at Hialeah is just starting to get cranked up, and it seems that the horses to beat there are Venetian Way, Bally Ache, Bourbon Prince, Progressing, All Hands, Pied d'Or and Toby's Brother. And though Middleground in 1950 was the last horse to win the Kentucky Derby without the benefit of a winter campaign, there is at least one important colt whose winter is being occupied with nothing but rest and light training. Down among the pines at Aiken, S.C. is Greentree Stable's Weatherwise, winner of last fall's Aqueduct Futurity. Nobody should go around ignoring Futurity winners, especially those alled by Tom Fool.

Santa Anita seems to be holding the high cards at this early stage, but some colts at Hialeah will improve greatly in the next three months. And, of course, a potentially good colt anywhere can suffer immeasurably if his people are guilty of mismanagement. In today's competition a trainer cannot make even one mistake and get away with it.

Many eastern horsemen find most

California trainers guilty on one count: their training pattern is too rigorous, and their emphasis is almost entirely on speed rather than stamina. Californians point out in rebuttal that both Santa Anita and Hollywood Park run a great many sprint races, and that if a trainer hopes to cash in on the purse opportunities offered his logical course is to use every bit of speed his horse possesses. Then, if it develops later that his horse has the added ability to travel a distance of ground, as was the case with Swaps, so much the better.

HORSES LIKE GANGBUSTERS

The result of this system—and of the fact that California-bred horses have predominantly sprinting bloodlines anyway—is that western colts go like gangbusters in their morning works and then turn around and go like gangbusters again in their afternoon races. The art of rating is either forgotten or seldom employed, and if a jock takes back on his mount after leaving the gate in a three-quarter or seven-furlong race he can expect to look up and find his field 40 lengths up front before he realizes what's happened. California tracks are made for speed, and horses skim lightly over the top of them instead of laboring in the deeper going characteristic of racing strips found in other parts of the country.

If a colt can survive the rigors of western methods and still develop into a stayer, he has got to be a pretty good one. He has probably been in serious training since December 1 and is pointing for the Santa Anita Derby on March 5. Then he has to retain that peak form for another 60 days until the Kentucky Derby. It is not easy.

"Neither easy nor practical," admits one trainer caught up in the mad scramble for Santa Anita's rich purses. "But if a track is putting up \$100,000 for you to grab at on March 5, you've got to take a shot at it. If you decide to play it smart and train specifically for the Kentucky Derby—and skip the Santa Anita one—the first thing you know it's April and your carefully conditioned horse raps himself in his stall some night. You wind up kicking yourself all over the lot for trying to be smart, because you've missed the chance at both pots. Nope, the way the money is being handed out these days you've got to go for it when you can."

END



WINTER BOOK FAVORITE for Kentucky Derby is Chilton S. Jones's Warfare, who was named 3-year-old of 1949 after winning key races like the \$280,000 Garden State.



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A YACHTSMAN FINDS HONG KONG

Exploring the lively city which glows like a jewel in the shadow of Red China's mainland, a famous author-sailor learns it offers everything from matchless cruising to unique cuisine

by CARLETON MITCHELL

THE yawl *Morosini* came hard on the wind to beat through the narrows of Fat Tau Mun, and there lay wonderland. To starboard was a jade-green island with the musical name of Tung Lung; to port loomed the dark rampart of Red China's mainland. Ahead lay islands scattered like the skerries of the Baltic, green and boulder-strewn, with sunshine glinting and birds circling. Dark trees flowed down a valley to frame a miniature temple, Tai Hing in Joss House Bay, where crews of junks anchor to pray for kind winds before quitting the shelter of the land. Sails were silhouetted against the distant horizon, lay and at peace, and the chart showed, beyond successive headlands, deserted beaches and snug coves, beautiful cruising waters whose existence I had not even suspected.

If Manila is the pearl of the Orient, then Hong Kong is its diamond. It hangs from the dark, featureless mass of modern China like a glowing pendant. Its value to the British Empire is incalculable and it has as many facets as the Koh-i-noor. There are the paddyfields of peasants plowing in the ancient way behind water buffaloes; there are the flourishing factories of modern industry; there are the ships flying the flags of every nation, crowding a harbor rimmed on two sides by skyscrapers; there are the gracious homes and pleasurable

playgrounds of the Western citizens.

Thus it has been for more than a century, since 1841, when the British, seeking a base for trade with the interior of south China, were granted sovereignty in perpetuity over an island of 32 square miles lying off the Kowloon Peninsula on the approaches to the Pearl River. This was Hong Kong. In 1860 a band of Kowloon waterfront was deeded, and in 1898 a still deeper buffer strip called the New Territories was acquired on a 99-year lease, bringing the total area of the Crown Colony of Hong Kong to 391 square miles.

Visitors usually are confused by the nomenclature of the colony, as Hong Kong—which means "Fragrant Harbor" in Chinese—is applied interchangeably to the colony as a whole, to the single original island and to the principal city of that island, actually named Victoria, which faces across the harbor its twin city of Kowloon. All traffic between the two cities is by water, and in 1959 a single ferry line shuttled nearly 40 million fares back and forth, part of the ceaseless bustle of the harbor.

Politically if not geographically, the entire colony is an island, hemmed in by Red China and her fringing possessions. From the lounge of the leading European hotel in Kowloon the border is a scant 15 miles to the north. A hooked drive, on the links of the

golf club at Fanling in the New Territories, could almost land in a Chinese bunker. To the sailor, the "blue islands"—those just far enough offshore to be touched by haze—are constant warning that Communist territory is close at hand.

Yet in Hong Kong there is no hysteria and no feeling of threat. Imposing modern buildings are springing up at a rate to match any booming American city, and long-term capital investments in municipal and industrial projects are flourishing. The reason was summed up for me by an English acquaintance. "The situation," he said, "quite suits everyone concerned." And so it does: the Chinese have left themselves a convenient gateway to the outside world, and the British retain a highly profitable enterprise. Even that nervous, shy bird of passage, the tourist, is not afraid to come to Hong Kong: in the Far East, the Crown Colony is second only to Japan in transient visitors, averaging over 10,000 a month during 1959.

On a detail chart, Hong Kong looks like a bit of lacework. There are some 200 islands and an intricate pattern of waterways, while even the New Territories are deeply indented by bays and sounds. It is little wonder, therefore, that in Hong Kong interest in boating—for business, pleasure, or both—runs high. Formal racing activities center at the Royal

continued

SHOPTAKES of Hong Kong, once confined primarily to building the traditional Chinese junk, are today bustling with orders for Western-type yachts of all classes and sizes which they export at bargain prices.





EAST MEETS WEST in Hong Kong waters as sailors at the Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club prepare to launch 13-foot racing dinghies, and a modern yacht (below) encounters a junk in the bustling harbor.



Hong Kong Yacht Club, once a fortress and still, from the ancient powder magazines beneath the crown of blue ensign floating proudly above, a true outpost of empire. Its wide veranda overlooks the harbor, a scene of never-failing fascination. Ships beyond count swing at anchor while native craft cluster alongside to unload cargo, sometimes in rafts a half dozen deep. Sampans and walla-wallas—small water taxis—dart like beetles, weaving intricate traffic patterns among seagoing junks under sail, patrol craft, tugs towing strings of lighters, coasting steamers, crisscrossing ferries and yachts of every type. On race days Dragons, Stars and even a class of 14-foot Royal Naval Sailing Association dinghies thread their way through the maze, for triangular events are sailed wholly within the harbor, and even longer courses for the cruising division start and finish off the clubhouse.

What with a strong tide and the usual fluky wind coming off high land, there is never a dull moment for the fleet, as I found out myself on several sails aboard *Morossus* and other craft of the hospitable yacht club members. "It's a bit like the Isle of Wight except we have the Pearl River instead of Southampton Water," explained Bill Hancock, rear commodore of the club. "The tide floods in and ebbs out, strong enough for overfalls at Kap Shui Mun." *Mux*, by the way, means entrance or channel.

Opposite the clubhouse is Causeway Bay, just as intriguing as the outer harbor. One part is reserved for the fleet of member yachts, moored in neat rows; elsewhere the bay is packed with native craft. In Hong Kong an estimated 120,000 people live afloat, quite literally, and Causeway Bay is one of the sampan villages. On vessels less than 30 feet over-all dwell entire families, from grandparents to babies along papoose fashion on mother's back. Chicken coops are hung over the stern, dogs loll forward and life goes on amidships—baths in buckets, cooking, dressmaking, washing, sleeping. Storage aboard is amazingly concentrated. A section of deck will be lifted, and a sewing machine taken out, or a charcoal brazier and full dining equipment, or mats and bedding, or carpenter's tools and bits of

lumber. Floating stores wind through narrow water streets, selling everything from yard goods to fish-hooks, from bread to candy. There are kitchen sampans, which will come alongside and cook anything from a bowl of rice to a meal; and ice sampans, selling cold bottled drinks; and sing-song sampans, complete with hanging lanterns, deep cushions and silk-clad musicians.

Close to the moored yachts are the sampans of the boat-boys, that unique Hong Kong marine luxury. Practically every boat down to the Dragon class enjoys a boat-boy, willing to work cheerfully around the clock for about \$30 a month (or about \$170 in Hong Kong dollars). Most boat-boys are competent sailors, and go along as crew, cooking as well as working on deck; they paint, they varnish, they mend sails; many are even skilled mechanics, riggers or carpenters.

A SPECIAL FLEET OF JUNKS

There is more to the Hong Kong yacht fleet, however, than trim, well-kept little ships with gleaming brass and waving burgees which would grace a harbor anywhere. Based at Causeway Bay and Aberdeen, a fishing village on the opposite side of Hong Kong island, is a special fleet of junks. These are the uniquely Oriental yachts of the enthusiasts who are loosely banded into the Junk Club, admittedly lazy sailors and unabashed pufferers. They power to windward and sail downwind, awnings set and the skipper reclining aft on the high wide poop like a sultan on his throne. In the evening they may have a kitchen sampan come alongside, or tie up at one of the elaborate floating restaurants in Aberdeen, or go across East Lamma Channel to anchor for a picnic in Sokku Wan, a deep cove on Lamma Island. Like other fringing islands, Lamma is washed by the clear water of the South China Sea, perfect for swimming and even a bit of skin-diving.

For lazy cruising in restricted waters it would be hard to devise a better type of craft than the Hong Kong sampan or junk. The difference between the two is principally a matter of size. Junks are bigger, and carry the traditional three masts, while sampans can be propelled by a sculling oar, and often have only a single mast. Somewhere around 30 feet seems to be the dividing line in

length, although the expert can find other differences, such as the system of planking at the bow, and the underwater lines. But both sampans and junks are blunt forward, at least on the deck, and square aft; this, with their rather extreme beam, gives them a great deal of room. Even those too small for enclosed cabins still enjoy complete shelter through the Chinese system of battened awnings rolling over a curved frame, something like the covered wagons of the American West. A sampan 28 feet over-all can be fully open in good weather, yet have 21 feet of useful cabin area in rain.

Now that sampans and junks are used as yachts, modifications are naturally taking place in the ancient design. Such items as dining tables and bunks, stainless steel galleys, enclosed heads, gas or diesel engines, wheel steering and outside ballast are appearing. Yet craftsmanship and strength have not been slighted. Those I saw building—and there were many, principally destined for export to the United States—were sturdy vessels with yacel frames and teak planking (both very hard woods, as was evident from watching the shipwrights at work, hand-sawing planks from huge logs, fairing off raw lumber with ads and hatchet and drilling holes with long sticks and leather thongs, used like a firebar). The blend between the old and new was perhaps best symbolized on a 40-foot junk recently launched by the Saku Shipyard, on the island of Apichau, opposite Aberdeen. The junk had the traditional carved green dragon running the full length of the top-sides, but the dragon was adorned with nylon whiskers.

Boats, like almost everything in Hong Kong, are much less expensive than in the U.S. since labor constitutes the bulk of the cost. A 28-foot sampan without engine can be delivered for approximately U.S. \$2,000. A 40-foot centerboard yawl to the design of Sparkman & Stephens—a "Finlinter-type," as someone put it—of teak, with bronze centerboard and casing and Mercedes Benz diesel, complete except for sails, was quoted by a leading yard at U.S. \$25,000.

One firm had scheduled up to 50 lapstrake powerboats per month, size ranging from 16 to 20 feet, inboard and outboard, 23- and 25-foot cabin cruisers, plus small sailboats and a

continued

few junks. Another builder was working hard on three Sparkman & Stephens keel yawls, a Bill Shaw midge ocean racer, 12 junks of 30 and 35 feet, three Angleman and Davies-designed Sea Witches and a clutch of miscellaneous craft, including racing and cruising catamarans. The volume worries some of the more reputable Hong Kong boat builders. "We can build so cheaply," said one, "that the tendency is to emphasize price too much, finally lowering quality to get still cheaper. Obviously, there is a limit here. Some have gone beyond it and produced bad boats, especially for export. Tell American yachtsmen not to judge our best by our worst."

The launching of a yacht for a local owner is a festive event. Firecrackers—good luck symbols to the Chinese—exploded along with the Occidental bottle of champagne over the bow of the motor sloop *Golden Ginx* as she started down the ways, and they continued to boom and pop in deafening strings until the keel was safely in the water. Flags waved, more champagne corks popped, nearby vessels saluted with whistles, and yard workmen rang bells. It is characteristic that, as Commander Spencer Cooper, owner of the new vessel, confided to me, the yard had a preview launching to make sure there would be no mishap which might cause loss of face. There wasn't. *Golden Ginx* would be a credit to any builder, but the gesture showed a desire for perfection and pride in craftsmanship which extends down to Kowloon shoeshine boys, who seem to polish a little harder and a little longer than anywhere else.

Bargain buys go far beyond yachts, too, as I soon found out. On my first night in Hong Kong I was told by an officer on leave from the Royal Navy: "Everything is so cheap you can't afford not to go broke." Nothing truer was ever said, and no place is more fun to shop. Hong Kong is a free port in the fullest sense of the word. There are no currency restrictions and no import duties worthy of mention. The goods of every nation compete solely on the basis of merit and price. And as Hong Kong's principal source of income is trade, rather than manufacture, the variety displayed in the shops is staggering. Watches, cameras, radios, record players, sweaters, pearls, luggage,

shoes, yard goods of silk or wool—the list is as endless as the ingenuity of man, and at prices wholly unfamiliar to the ordinary traveler. Americans need be careful of only one thing: they will have to present a certificate of origin by the Hong Kong government to U.S. customs on their return, to prove they are not importing a product of Red China; but otherwise the lid—and the rubber band around the pocketbook—is off.

On such nights as the Moon Festival, the fifteenth day of the Eighth Moon, when Chan-Or, the moon's protégée, dances, and moon cakes are eaten in thanksgiving for a good harvest, Hong Kong becomes wholly Chinese. I had spent the day cruising Port Shelter, a large yet protected body of water near the eastern fringe of the colony, poking in and out of many little coves, all completely deserted, and stopping to swim and explore at will. By air, we were never more than 10 miles from the city, yet we might well have been in the far reaches of the Pacific. In the late afternoon we had returned to Hong Kong, following a parade of fishing junks and sampans, and at sunset were off the section of the city called San Ki Wan when the firecrackers began to pop. With my hosts, the Richards, I stopped for a drink on the veranda of the yacht club, feeling almost British, and quite proud of what "colonialism" had accomplished on this little island. Then I said goodbye, and drove across the causeway into a different world.

FIRECRACKERS AND MAH-JONGG

A Chinese friend had promised to show me something of her Hong Kong. First we strolled the streets of the Wanchai section, one of the most densely populated areas on earth. According to census, 99% of the colony's population is Chinese, and here almost no European influence was visible. Crowds swept us into ever-narrowing lanes where banners with elaborate characters hung overhead, as alien as the sounds and smells and sights below. Amid exploding firecrackers, children in groups carried paper lanterns, reminiscent of Halloween. Through open doors came the clatter of mah-jongg tiles. Everywhere was laughter and conversation and vivacity, for Chinese among themselves are anything but the silent Orientals of Western concept. Yet curiously, in the unfamiliar

bustle, I felt completely at home. Neither then nor any other time during my stay was there any sense of hostility in individuals or crowds or a feeling of danger when walking dark streets.

Finally, we took a taxi to Aberdeen, where a fissure of water deep into the land gives perfect shelter for the fishing fleet and the largest sampan village in the colony. On this night of the Moon Festival it was a carnival of light, each sampan carrying at least one colored paper lantern. The three famous floating restaurants—the Sea Palace, Tai Pak and Yue Lee Tai—were ablaze from waterline to upper deck.

Hong Kong is a city one tends to think of in superlatives, and this applies to its cuisine as well. The Chinese school of cookery has always been acknowledged as one of the world's great, and here it is still available to the Western palate in its traditional glory. In exile from the mainland, cooks representing all the noted provincial subdivisions of Chinese cuisine are congregated in Hong Kong. There are restaurants serving the specialties of Canton, Peking, Shanghai, Szechuen, Foochow and Swatow, making the colony one of the true gastronomic capitals of the world.

The Aberdeen sea food restaurants, Cantonese in cuisine, from a distance look like Mississippi River steamboats designed by a Byzantine architect. They are jumbles of carved dragons and gilt, leaping fountains, colored paint, colored lights and reflecting mirror balls. The food is as good as the décor is improbable. Alongside in open pens, dinner awaits the visitor in finny liveliness. We leaned against the rail of the lower deck and looked down into the harbor to make a selection.

Under the brilliant floodlights, the pens were an aquarium. Some fish were familiar. There were grouper and snapper which might have been swimming in the well of a Bahamas smack, and hook-nosed parrotfish of green and blue and red, old Chinese prints come to life. There were small silver fish in schools, and lurking brown monsters shadowy in the depths. In separate floating baskets shrimp hung in dense clouds, while lobsters and crabs crawled the sides of other pens. As chosen, dinner was dipped up with a net and passed directly into the open kitchen, where cooks hovered over steaming kettles.

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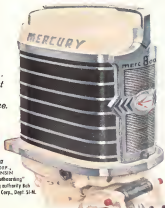
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Anchors Aweigh for 40 Million Admirals

Photographs by Hans Knopf

THE rollicking postwar boating boom shows no signs of slackening. Since 1947, the first year of the bonanza, the number of recreational boats in use has nearly quadrupled. Nearly 40 million pleasure sailors took to the water in some 8 million boats last year and spent over \$2 billion. The figures would be even more staggering if enough dock facilities had been available. Some 500,000 boatmen were on waiting lists for marina berths, and more than a million

people who applied for mooring space were turned away. The National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers estimates that 2 million more boats would have been sold in 1958 if there had been enough moorings to go around. It is on this optimistic note that Chicago's Boat Show will open on February 5. The boats on these pages were seen last month in New York and will be displayed, along with many more, at the International Amphitheatre through February 14.

CONTINUED

HEAD

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DEPT. 130

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FAMILY SLOOP, the 26-foot New Horizons, was designed by Sparkman & Stephens, built by Ray Greene & Co. Cabin has ample four-berth layout with galley and a fully enclosed head. Price: \$8,900.

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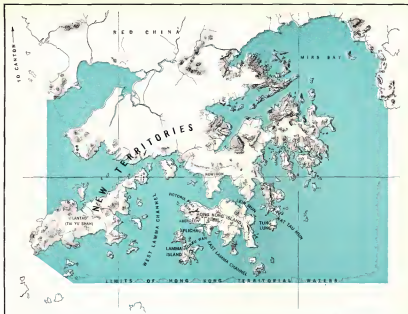
SPACIOUS CABIN of the Shepherd 25-foot flying bridge cruiser has sleeping quarters for four (bedroom; 6 feet 2 inches), galley and head. Construction of boat is of solid mahogany planking. Price: \$9,630.



OVERNIGHT CRUISING facilities are provided in the Flying Finn 21 Seafin by an optional dinette and bunk arrangement in the roomy cockpit. Skiff utilizes full wooden lapstrake design. Price: \$1,785.



CABIN CRUISER with an outboard motor capacity of 150 hp and potential speed up to 40 mph, is the 18-foot MFG Seaway. The fiber-glass craft has two bunks, galley with sink and marine head. Price: \$1,750.



AN INTRICATE MAZE of islands and waterways in the shadow of mainland China, the Crown Colony of Hong Kong offers endless cruising possibilities to yachtsmen, matchless opportunities

to smugglers. Territorial waters (outlined in blue) extend from the original colony of Hong Kong Island beyond Kowloon and up the peninsula of the New Territories to Red China itself.

As a first course we had prawns boiled and served in the shell, pink and delicate. They are usually eaten plain, but for my benefit my hostess crushed slivers of ginger in to soy sauce as a dip. Next came lobster with black bean sauce, faintly garlicky, a revelation in taste and texture; then steamed grouper with green vegetables (*chow-chow-yen pan-kai*); and finally pigeon roasted in lemon sauce.

This meal lingers in memory; and so, too, does *jing di bao* is, or roast Peking duck, probably the ultimate delicacy among Chinese foods, which I had on another occasion. It is expensive, listing on the menu of the Winner Palace restaurant at HK \$60 but it is worth every HK dollar of it. Only the skin is served, backed by the thinnest sliver of meat. The duck is accompanied by wheat pancakes, tiny onion sprigs and a conserve resembling plum jam in color and texture. The Chinese custom of eating

to put a pancake on the plate, add with chopsticks a piece of duck from the platter in the center, top with a sprig of onion and dab on a bit of conserve. The whole is then folded and eaten with the fingers, so no juice can escape. Ah! the celestial bells that ring! Before such a regal dish one may have brained superior shark's fin soup, made of the whole fin, which cooks into a gelatinous texture of indescribably subtle flavor, or perhaps shark's fin with shredded chicken, somewhat less expensive; then shrimp and peas, and bamboo shoots and seaweed. It is a dinner for a king—or perhaps I should say mandarin.

A CENTER OF INTRIGUE

Hong Kong, despite a wondrously efficient police force and harbor patrol system, remains a center of intrigue as well as clandestine trade. No longer able to serve as entrepôt for the great land mass behind, merchants flourish

by their industry and skill as traders. Gold can be openly bought and sold, and smuggling is acknowledged to flourish. Narcotics are transported by every conceivable means: baskets with double bottoms, in pellets under the wings of fowl, even inside melons, carefully resealed. Watches are in such tremendous supply that a secondary Kowloon industry is kept busy just making beautifully hand-crafted suitcases with secret compartments to be packed with watches for the homeward voyage. Perhaps one of the greatest recent feats of smuggling was the transportation of an entire railway locomotive, bit by bit, to Canton aboard junk.

Nor is piracy wholly forgotten. The daily ferries to Macao still have wire barriers to prevent a sudden rush for the bridge. Not long ago piracy was even attempted in the air. A plot to capture a wealthy Chinese for ransom

on this word

failed when the pilot on a local flight refused to relinquish command. He died resisting, and his body jammed the controls. The plane crashed, killing everyone aboard except one pirate, who confessed.

Yet the miracle is that there is not more lawlessness with so many people uprooted, in desperate circumstances, and politically divided. The population of the colony was 600,000 at the end of the Japanese occupation in 1945. Today, due principally to the flood of refugees from Red China, the count has gone to more than 2½ million. Up to 1,000 refugees a month still cross the border. In addition, the birth rate is high, as in all Asian countries, accounting for a further net increase of 80,000 per year. The government has accommodated by public housing alone some 300,000 refugees, but there still remain an unassimilated 300,000 without permanent homes. While there is unquestionably squalor and misery in some sections, the great majority obviously prefer it to Communist rule.

Even the stopover visitor can get an intimate view of Chinese life by a visit to Causeway Bay. At the foot of Yee Wo Street (where the expedition can begin or end on the sublime note of duck at the Peking Restau-

rant), there is a quay. At this quay are clustered sampans awaiting hire, gay little craft with hanging lanterns and deep cushions. Some are decorated with polished brass rods, mirrors and old prints, true museum pieces. As you come down the steps, the sampan "girls" will smile and chatter invitations to come aboard. Sampans for hire are crewed by women, usually a mother or grandmother aft on the sculling oar, and a small girl forward at the bow oar.

A WHOLLY ORIENTAL WORLD

You board, and settle into the cushions. If you desire, a tiny table will be unfolded and placed across your knees. Slowly you glide into a world that is wholly Oriental. In the evenings Chinese come to Causeway Bay to relax. As naturally as people in other countries might go out in automobiles, here they hire sampans. Whole families dine tied alongside kitchen sampans. Groups of men rattle mah-jongg tiles while the sampan girls doze on their oars. Couples glide by, holding hands, the girls in high-collared Cheung Sam dresses, slit at the sides. You call and motion, and passing sampans will stop to deliver hot tea or iced beer.

You can signal a group of musicians, who will play and sing until you raise your hand in dismissal.

And away from the dock you will find the village afloat, tiny craft housing all the needs and aspirations and vices of man; and still beyond, near the causeway leading to the Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club, the moored yachts, and the sampans of the boat-boys. Those who believe there is nothing more romantic than seeing Venice by gondola should reserve opinion until they have ghosted through Hong Kong waters by sampan, especially on a night when the moon is high.

The best months to visit Hong Kong are from October through May. Then the monsoon blows, bringing clear skies and cooler weather. It is during this season that races are held by the Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club and the Junk Club. The former conducts triangular events for smaller classes almost every weekend from November to May, with scattered longer races for the larger division. By a great deal of juggling of courses and markers in the restricted waters, an overnight race of 100 miles is achieved, threading in and out of channels from the clubhouse on the harbor to Mirs Bay, rounding Hong Kong Island, and finishing off the clubhouse again. This course not only is as sporty as a steeplechase, with numerous islands as hurdles, but introduces the navigational problem of staying within friendly waters. An error in pilotage could become an international incident rather than a competitive bloop.

The junk enthusiasts have no such worries. They claim to go neither fast nor far, although one little vessel which I sailed showed a surprising turn of speed in smooth water, even to windward. The race is less the thing than the harbor and victory celebration—no matter whose—at the finish. There is much good-natured argument among the 15 active junk skippers, but in the big annual race they work. Then they talk about it the rest of the year, while cruising. "If you do all the things there are to do in Hong Kong," reflected Fran Dominis, a guiding spirit of the Junk Club, "there isn't enough time ever to go all the places on the chart. You look through glasses and think, 'I must stop there next time,' so you never catch up. There isn't any other place like Hong Kong. This is the life." And it is, unique and wonderful.

END



SAMPANS, Hong Kong's water taxis, use women "drivers." Here a wiry grandmother sculls toward the Sea Palace restaurant as her granddaughter dozes on steering oar.

19TH HOLE The readers take over

SANITY IN SPORTS REPORTING

Sirs:

Breathering indeed were the remarks of Mr. Leighton Housh, as reported in *EVENTS & DISCOVERIES* (Jan. 25), pertaining to "newspaper leadership toward sanity in dealing . . . with all sports."

That this should come from a member of the sportswriting fraternity is even more invigorating, since the transition in recent years from able journalistic champions of sports to the current crop of editorializing demagogues must result in public disdain for most things athletic. That the public continues to support sports events in spite of the efforts of the newspapers' professional mudslingers is a fine tribute to its love for competition and loyalty to favorite teams and players.

The need for "critical self-appraisal" to which Mr. Housh refers has not necessarily evolved of itself—it has been created by so-called sports reporters who for some reason have become dedicated to tearing down any ideals which may have existed regarding athletics and sporting events. They seem to resent any admiration of hero worship and seek to dispel any notions of honor or fair play.

Not that the public has any false illusions about professional sports, nor delusions of grandeur as to some of the motives behind many promotions, but for Lord's sake let us form our own opinions at least on the sporting scene. We've had to submit to written barages as to politics, finances, world affairs, national economy, and in recent years Ann Landers has even stepped in to solve our own personal problems. So please, let's have a return to sports reporting—with even a little schmalz from time to time to glamorize somebody rather than pulverize him.

JACK E. SIRS

Alma, Mich.

Sirs:

Congratulations to Leighton Housh of the *Des Moines Register and Tribune* for his speech to sportswriters on the sad state of our moral climate. Mr. Housh raises the age-old question of the extent of the press's responsibility for creating this climate and imputes to the press a capacity for leading the public to higher and drier ground in all things moral and just.

It is sensible of Mr. Housh to assume his profession's share of the blame, but I cannot help but feel the press (like radio and television) tends to give the public what it wants. He states quite correctly that we need "more people who know right from wrong, who are not afraid to dig out the facts in unsavory cases and write the story. . . . Such people will not be popular, but they will be respected."

If they are not popular, though, I fear their columns may be dropped, just as many high-quality TV shows are dropped for low ratings. There is no single or pat solution, and we need to attack the problem on many fronts if maturity is to be achieved and virtue respected in the sports world and elsewhere.

GEORGE WERNTZ JR.

Gladstone, N.J.

DON'T MAKE FOOLS OF ANIMALS

Sirs:

I want to thank you for your excellent and courageous article on the Tennessee Walking Horse (*The Torture Must End*, SF, Jan. 11).

I have loved horses all my life, all horses, from ponies to plow horses. I'm not an impractical sentimentalist who thinks horses should be kept under glass and not made to do anything contrary to their wishes. I like best the "using" horses, and enjoy polo, rodeo, racing, all good honest work appropriate to the horse's ability and handling.

This is where so many show people fail. They do not have the ability or patience, nor will they take the time to properly school a horse, so they resort to all sorts of mechanical devices and customs to make up for their own lack of skill. Some examples are the long foot and weights, cut tails, ginger, brutal bits, dope for stimulation, dope to quiet them, blocking and false tails. Horses and horse lovers have put up with a lot of revolting nonsense for a long time. This Walking Horse abuse is downright brutality, and I sincerely believe 90% of the spectators would walk out if they knew what was going on.

I love horses but like horse shows less and less, because I do not like to see people making fools out of horses, with their "broken" tails, exaggerated gait and carriage, sequins on their boots and so on. The Walking Horse in action is almost repulsive-looking, more like a giraffe than a horse, with his crouching quarters and ridiculously long stride. They have certainly made a mess of the "world's greatest pleasure horse." As shown in the ring he's absolutely no pleasure to ride and I'm sure despises being ridden.

I have five extra copies of your article and am sending marked copies to the humane societies to which I belong. I have talked to several committee members of the Cincinnati Charity Horse Show and took the magazine to the last meeting of our small county humane society. Our agent says he has the legal authority to stop any such abuse and last summer made himself quite unpopular with certain exhibitors at some little local shows, by forcing them to remove abusive spurs.

These are small shows, chiefly "western" (what a misnomer that is!), but if he can do it there, why can't SPCA bodies do it elsewhere?

There are a lot of people on your and the horses' side. As so frequently happens, the wrong people are in the saddle.

CAROLINE M. BELL

Millford, Ohio

Sirs:

Cheers for your Tennessee Walking Horse story are echoing in every mail that has arrived at this office this week.

Your story has been a most pleasant surprise to humanitarians, and Alice Higgins is to be commended for her stand. Ironically, one never reads of a horse magazine attempting to correct cruelties to horses, and I have yet to see a cattle magazine write on the horrors of transportation and slaughter of cattle!

Popular Dogs is the one dog magazine in the country that warns dog breeders on the evils of overbreeding, on the practice of cropping and docking. I am not a crusader—not in any way; I just cannot bear to see indifference toward unnecessary cruelty.

ALICE WAGNER
Editor
Popular Dogs

Philadelphia

● See page 62 for a report on some dog show practices.—ED.

CONSIDER THE HORSE BETTER

Sirs:

I read with interest a letter (19TH HOLE, Jan. 18) concerning your Nov. 9 *EVENTS & DISCOVERIES* report on a state dog for Pennsylvania.

I have no particular objection to the great Dane as such. However, if the legislature of Pennsylvania, or any other state, in its wisdom, deems it necessary to have an official dog, I strongly feel that it should designate one whose characteristics are similar to and consistent with the characteristics of the state for which it is named.

Pennsylvania prides itself upon having some of the finest fishing, hunting and recreational areas of any state in the country. There are good facilities available throughout the state, even close to metropolitan areas.

In addition, the official tree is the hemlock, the official bird is the grouse, and the official flower is the laurel. I can think of nothing more out of character than the great Dane lumbering through the hemlock and the laurel, disrupting the peace and quiet of the valleys and the

continued

hillside and driving the grouse to the verge of a mental breakdown.

If it is necessary to have an official dog (with which I have no particular quarrel), why should it not be the noble English setter, who considers and looks upon the henlock, the laurel and the grouse with that appreciation and understanding which he has acquired over the centuries from personal experience?

HENRY M. HITTLE

Lock Haven, Pa.

L.A. CAN BEAT N.Y.

Sirs:

I am referring to Richard L. Frey's letter in 19TH HOLE of January 25.

While Mr. Frey's authority and knowledge, as publicity director of the American Contract Bridge League, as nationally syndicated columnist and as all-time great player, is unquestioned, let me point out that Los Angeles today can boast of at least as fine an array of great players as New York City.

At the recently concluded Winter Nationals, Los Angeles players won more titles than the rest of the country combined. Mathe, Taylor, Schleifer, Hasana were all invited to represent the U.S. at Turin's Bridge Olympiad, while ex-New Yorker Rubin qualified for that distinction last summer. For the past two years my team, consisting of Ollie Adams, Ed Keaster and Marshall Miles, have won the All-Western Knockout Team title twice in a row, has consistently beaten most of the finest teams in the country, including New Yorkers Crawford, Stone, Becker, Rapce, Stayman, Fishbein, et al.

While certainly not implying that New York bridge players are second-rate, please note that we in Los Angeles certainly dispute their claim of being *suavero* us. We'd be happy to field a six-man team to meet their best, anywhere, anytime, and let the better team win.

IVAN E. ERDOG

Los Angeles

SNOKE AND ICE IN RUSSIA

Sirs:

Jerry Cooke's "A Place in the Sun" (SI, Jan. 25) is photographic journalism at its best. Some questions it brings to mind are: Do Russian smokers smoke? At what time of the year and at what actual temperature was the picture taken?

JAMES B. ELLSWORTH

St. Petersburg, Fla.

● Although none of the Russians in Cooke's picture (which he took in February with the temperature around 25° F.) were smoking at the time, on the whole Russians smoke as much as Americans. —ED.

Sirs:

The schoolboy "hockey" at Sokolniki pictured on your January 25 cover is better known as bandy in the Soviet Union, Finland, Sweden, Norway . . . and South Carolina.

It is generally played on a soccer-size field with 11 men composing each team.

Please note the hooked club, round ball, enlarged goal, one-arm swing and low boards, all characteristic of bandy.

WALLEN R. HURREN

Columbia, S.C.

● Bandy Player Hurren is right. —ED.

A PROTOZOOLOGIST SAMPLES 'CEVICHE'

Sirs:

Having enjoyed *ceviche* in Panama, I was delighted to find it described in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (FOOD, Jan. 25). As a parasitologist, however, I feel impelled to point out a hazard like this one.

Some fresh-water fish contain infective larvae of the fish tapeworm, a parasite which may attain a length of over 36 feet in the human intestine and occasionally causes pernicious anemia. These larvae are destroyed by cooking or freezing but would probably survive the short marinating process used in making *ceviche*. They have, in fact, produced infection in housewives tasting gefilte fish during preparation. Several kinds of fish from the Great Lakes region and Canada have been found to be infected, including northern pike, walleyes and yellow perch.

In Mexico and Central America *ceviche* is made from marine fish. There is good reason to believe that any marine fish obtainable in the U.S. would be safe. I can recommend *ceviche* enthusiastically, but only salt-water fish should be used.

RICHARD J. PORTER

Professor of Protozoology

University of Michigan

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

I'll bet the price of a bottle of *salsa picante* sauce that Don Francisco de la Marcorra's yacht *Pisano* (FOOD, Jan. 25) is a schooner, not a ketch.

We'll enjoy the sauce.

ARTHUR S. JOHNSON

Greenville, Ill.

● The *Pisano* is a ketch. Pass the bottle. —ED.

FUN AT NIGHT

Sirs:

Regarding Fabio Picasso's *Night Fishing at Asnières* (SPORT IN ART, Jan. 11) —that's "tense excitement"?

DEANA L. SMITH

Arlington, Va.

MORE ON YOGA

Sirs:

Your article *Yoga Comes West* (SI, Jan. 25) interested me greatly. I would appreciate it if you could recommend a basic, informative book on the subject. I have neither the time nor the money to hire a guru, yet I would like to learn whatever is possible by reading about yoga.

DOUGLAS M. STUART

Bronxville, N.Y.

● Author Joe David Brown, who wrote that "yoga is the most intoxicating, the most startlingly effective and, unless precautions are taken, the most dangerous system of physical and mental training," warns readers that "yoga is not a do-it-yourself

hobby." But those interested in a few evenings' reading might want to try: *Yoga for Americans* by Indra Devi (Prentice-Hall); *Yoga for Today* by Clare Spring and Madeline Goss (Holt); *Yoga and Self-Culture* by Sri Deva Ram Sukul (Yoga Institute of America); *Yoga and Long Life* by Yogi Gupta (Dodd, Mead); *The Yoga System of Health and Relief from Tension* by Yogi Vithaldas (Crown); and *Practical Yoga, Ancient and Modern* by Ernest E. Wood (Dutton). —ED.

EARLY VOTE

Sirs:

Although we have 11 months of 1960 ahead of us, I would like to nominate John Thomas, the young high jumper from Boston University, for Sportsman of the Year 1960. The story of his near-tragic elevator accident in 1959 is well known, and his remarkable high-jumping feats prior to that are even better known.

At the Knights of Columbus games in Boston, competing for the first time since his accident, he cleared 7 feet and barely missed a new world's record of 7 feet 2 3/4 inches. Should this boy go on to set a new world's record in 1960 and capture Olympic honors in Rome, I believe he would truly be the Sportsman of 1960.

J. KIMBALL WHITNEY

Minneapolis

● See page 59. —ED.

WORLD BOXING ASSOCIATION

Sirs:

The draft constitution for a world professional boxing association (SI, Jan. 4) misses the boat in that its text has constructed a house without providing a foundation. It is a wrongful delegation of authority for official bodies to give carte blanche powers to a council. Article IV (1) does just that.

It is hornbook drafting that standards which are to govern an organization, particularly a world organization, be set out in the basic instrument itself. Certainly, in its present form, the council proposed in the draft, with its unlimited power, could write in many provisions which may later prove unacceptable to boxing commissions and associations. It would seem wiser to call a preliminary meeting or convention (probably at the invitation of the National Boxing Association), with delegates from the various associations and countries concerned, to draft a set of specific standards and conditions as well as a constitution which can thereafter be sent to the participating organizations for ratification. Once the constitution is adopted, the council, using the standards as guides and working within them, may promulgate proper regulations for the administration and control of boxing.

C. F. BRICKFIELD

Washington, D.C.

● Article IV (1) reads: "[The Council] shall after due consideration adopt principles and standards to govern professional boxing, with the objective of assuring fair and open

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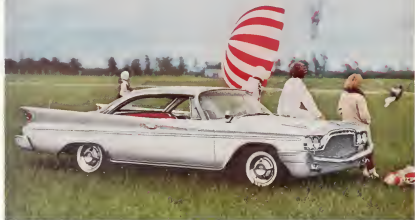
'All eyes on Marblehead'

James Parker is a well-connected Boston real-estate man who raises Irish setters, and skips the 37-foot auxiliary ketch *Platina* out of Marblehead. Because he is also a man of considerable patience and energy, and generous with his time, he has spent much of his life in the show ring judging dogs and on committee boats supervising sailboat races. Now Parker's steadfast devotion to boats and dogs has brought him an unusual distinction. As the president of the Eastern Dog Club he has just staged a highly

successful renewal of its annual show in Boston. And as the just-elected commodore of Marblehead's Eastern Yacht Club, one of the most active and prestigious yachting bodies in the country, he is currently planning the final trials, to be held off Marblehead this summer, to determine who will represent the U.S. in the Olympics. Skippers from all over the country will converge there to sail their 3.5-meter and Finn Monotype class boats. "All eyes will be on Marblehead," says Parker. "It will be fun."

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